THE

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FEBRUARY, 1893.

WHAT EGYPT CAN TEACH US.

BY THE EDITOR.

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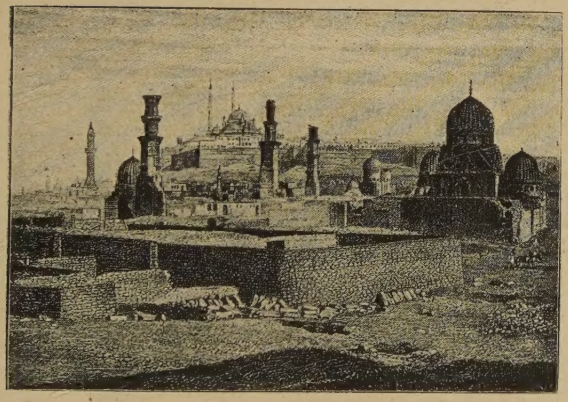


TOMBS OF THE MAMELUKES—NAMES UNKNOWN.

THE most conspicuous object in Cairo is its stately citadel. Crowning a spur of the Mokattam hills, its massive ramparts, the white walls and dome and slender minarets of the mosque of Mohammed Ali, defined against the deep blue sky, are the first objects to greet the gaze on approaching the city, and the last to fade from view in leaving it. The vast domed interior of the mosque, of precious alabaster, and the marble court, with its exquisite arcades and carved fountain, make it one of the most beautiful structures I have anywhere seen. It was our good fortune to be present one night when the young Khedive attended prayer. The place was brightly illuminated by hundreds of coloured lamps and was crowded with the fashionable people of

Cairo. We only got a glimpse of the Khedive as he was leaving the building.

After the Khedive had left, the howling dervishes, to be mentioned hereafter, held one of their fantastic religious dances and made the lofty dome ring with their hideous howling. I wore my scarlet fez and yellow slippers, and climbed on the ledge of

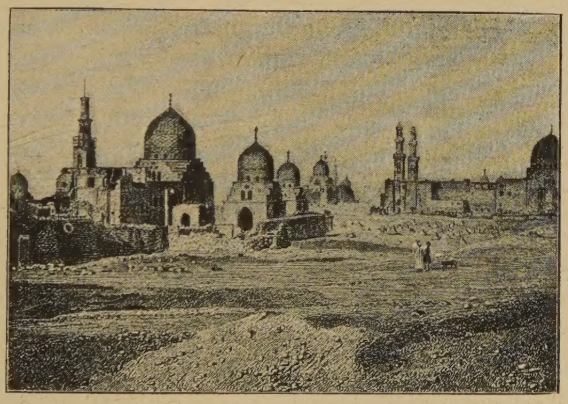
MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI IN THE CITADEL.

the high pulpit, where I had a good view of the strange spectacle, the like of which I never expect to see again.

The contrast between the glaring lights and vociferous devotions of the dervishes, and the calm beauty of the glorious moonlight without, was very striking. The mighty mosque seemed transfigured into lucent pearl; and the great city, with its hundreds of domes and minarets, all illuminated in honour of the

young Khedive, lay bathed in the white light of the moon—a picture long to be remembered. By daylight the view from this lofty platform embraces the far-winding Nile, the tawny-coloured pyramids, the feathery fringe of palms in the gardens and environs of the city, the slumbering necropolis of buried Memphis, the yellow sands and pale-violet-coloured distant Libyan hills.

Yet this fortress has its grim memories. On the first of March, 1811, Mohammed Ali invited the Mameluke Beys, 470 in number, to a conference in the citadal. Caught like rats in a trap they were treacherously butchered by Mohammed Ali's soldiers, the old Turk calmly sitting on his divan in his palace while this massacre was going on beneath its walls. The place is still shown where the sole survivor of this devoted band leaped his horse over the wall and so made his escape. For over three hundred years



TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS, CAIRO.

the Mamelukes were sovereigns of Egypt, and left their mark imperishably on some of its most exquisite Saracenic architecture. It stirred our patriotic pulses to see the Royal Staffordshire Regiment of red coats occupying this stronghold of ancient tyranny, and to hear the familiar English speech as we went through barracks and parade ground. The "Well of Joseph" is a square shaft, 280 feet deep, constructed in the twelfth century, to supply the garrison. We saw the disused sakeyehs, where oxen, one set at the top and another half way down the shaft, used to raise the water.

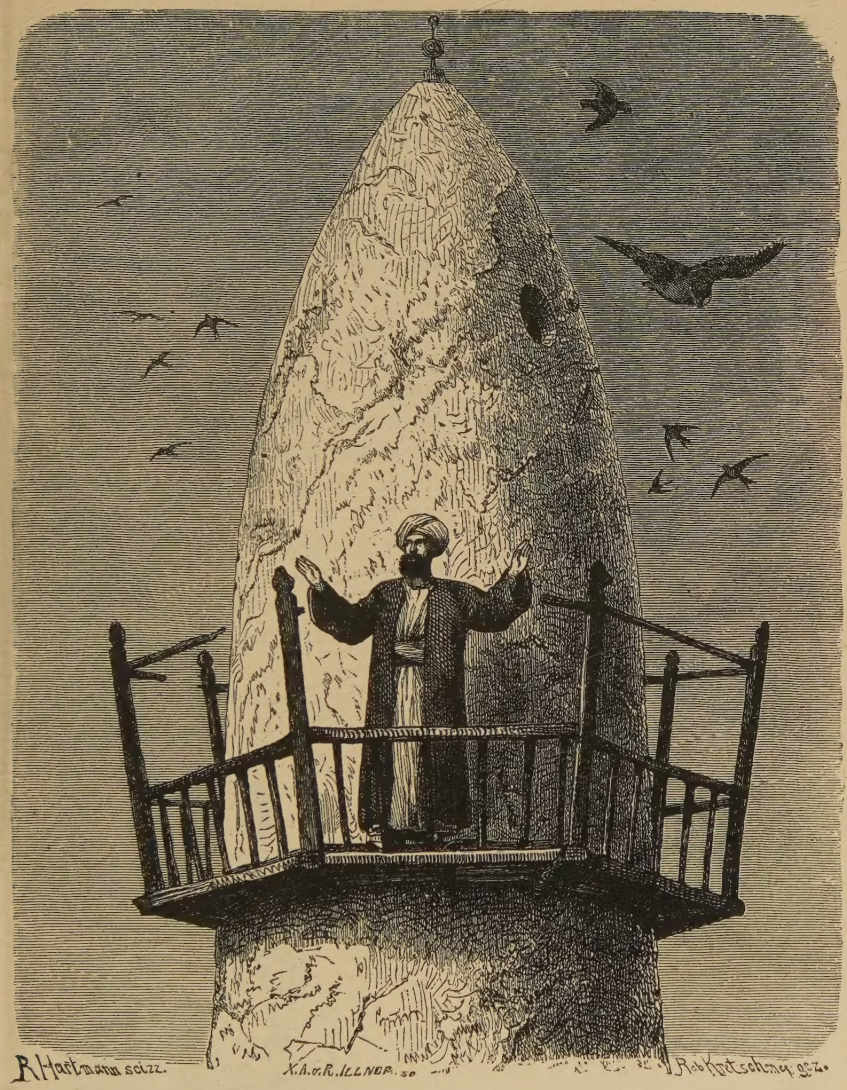
It is a short ride through an ancient, gloomy, arched gateway to the tombs of the Mamelukes without the walls. They are situated in a dreary desert and surrounded by a vast Moslem cemetery. Many of them are quite dilapidated, but in the warm

glow of the afternoon light the melancholy majesty of ruined dome and wall and minaret, with their delicate Saracenic tracery, was wonderfuly impressive. Some of them were occupied as squalid dwellings, and there was quite a hurrying and scurrying of women and girls to bring the clumsy keys of those which were closed. The very names of many of the Mameluke sovereigns to whom these once stately tombs were erected are in many cases unknown—a striking comment on the vanity of human greatness. The whole region is dotted with low plaster-covered graves, half-covered with drifted sand, the very picture of desolation, not a blade of grass being visible. The tombs of the Caliphs are more recent, and many of them contain, beneath the vaulted dome lit with coloured glass, elaborately draped tombs with brilliant gilt inscriptions.

Returning homeward we climbed a huge mound of rubbish —broken potsherds and the accumulated *debris* of centuries— crowned with a number of picturesque-looking windmill towers. One of these I ascended and had a wonderfully impressive view of the lonely group of domes and minarets, which, in the light of the setting sun, seemed to glow as with hidden fire. Precisely as the sun went down a muezzin came out on the gallery of a neighbouring minaret and chanted his weird call to prayer. His strong, musical voice rang out, clear and sweet, the oft reiterated summons: "God is most great. I testify that there is no god but God. I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer. Come to security. God is most great."

The morning call is a much more elaborate confession of faith, and in the solemn watches of the night he adds the words, "prayer is better than sleep." The muezzin's cry at the canonical hours was one of never-failing interest. At Cairo, at Jerusalem, at Damascus, at Constantinople, as well as from the shabby minarets of village mosques along the Nile and throughout Palestine, Syria, and Turkey, we heard that strange, sweet cry floating out upon the air. It cannot but impress the dullest imagination that for a thousand years, from Delhi to Morocco, five times every day, this call to prayer has sounded forth, reminding men, amid the ceaseless changes of the seen and temporal, of the realities of the unseen and eternal.

And this Moslem faith has not been permitted by God to mould the lives of so many millions for centuries without its important teachings. It was, as some of the missionaries with whom I conversed, said, a protest against the idolatry of the heathen and the Mariolatry and saint-worship of a corrupt Christianity. It was an assertion of the unity and supremacy of God, and in-



THE CALL TO PRAYER.

culcates many lessons of love to man. The chief designation of God is the "All-compassionate," "the All-merciful," and notwithstanding its false teachings, the soul of goodness that inheres even in things evil makes the followers of the religion of Islam the most difficult to evangelize.

Nor are these teachings without their effect on daily life and character. Mohammed Ali, our guide, philosopher, and friend in

Cairo, a faithful, honest fellow, was a devoted Mohammedan. During the month's fast of Ramedan no bite nor sup passed his lips till sunset, and even his cherished cigarette was forbidden. "When he got tired," he said, "he would repeat 'God is great, there is no god but God,' twenty times, and that took the tiredness away." At one of the mosques he pointed out, the impression "made," he said, "by the hand of Mohammed on a marble column." We asked him if he believed that. "Certainly, I do," he said; "it is written in the Koran, and whatever the Koran says is true."

BARBER'S SHOP, CAIRO.

One of the strange sights of the city is the numerous barber shops, generally indicated by a brightly burnished brass basin hanging above the door. Here you may frequently witness the scene, as shown in the accompaning cut.

Very few of the Cairenes cook in their own houses. Most of them are supplied from the cook-shops, of which there are 30,000 in the city, or from their vegetable stalls, a picture of one of which is here shown.

VEGETABLE STALL, CAIRO.

A couple of miles north of Cairo is the ancient fortress of Babylon, now the walled town of Old Cairo. We quote as follows from Mr. S. J. Weyman's recent sketch:

"Europe has nothing to show which can for a moment compare with this singular place. The ruin and decay which pervade it, the filth, dirt, the degradation of all things within it, from the leper at the gate, to the reeking pavement underfoot, stamp the place as unique. In the course of thousands of years the plain around has risen so high that to enter by the old gate one must descend a flight of steps. The immense thickness of the walls is then seen. Here and there immense ruined towers still stand, sometimes occupied by vile tenements, and sometimes abandoned to the

owls and bats. The great wooden door, of a thickness to match the wall, is secured by a bar so thick that it is rather a beam. The porter opens with a huge wooden key or club in which nails are arranged to correspond with slots in the beam. What the Judenstrasse and the Ghetto were to the Jews of the old German and Italian towns, this Babylon was to the Copts of Cairo. When the rabble of the great city rose, like an angry sea, and swept down upon the Christians, here, among the thick walls and narrow ways, they could find a hiding-place.

"The Christian Church was founded in Egypt in the first century. It obtained the name 'Coptic' from the insignificant town of Coptos in Upper Egypt. The Coptic tongue, now dead and used only in the service of the Church, is simply Egyptian—that is, it is the language of the Pharaohs, slightly altered by lapse of time.

"The Coptic church of 'Sitt Miriam,' the Lady Mary, is built above a crypt of very ancient date, probably the first Christian church in Egypt. In this crypt the verger points out the place where Jesus and Mary with the infant Christ rested on their arrival in Egypt."

The beggars of Old Cairo surpassed any that we met elsewhere One poor epileptic creature, of almost de-humanized aspect, smote his naked breast and importuned us for alms, exclaiming, "Christian! Christian!" (with the accent on the last syllable), and rolled up his sleeve to show, tattooed on his arm, the cross, the symbol of the Coptic faith. A very unhappy-looking specimen of a Christian, I thought. Even the priest of the Church of "Sitt Miriam" was almost as importunate in levying tribute. Elsewhere, however, I must say that the Coptic churches were large and clean, and even imposing, and the priests were very courteous. There are about 1,000.000 Copts in Egypt, and they occupy places of influence and responsibility in the civil service and commercial life, quite beyond the proportion of their aggregate numbers.

Cairo is so Europeanized that there is no exhibition of that fierce fanaticism that assailed us elsewhere; but the strangest exhibition we had, of what might be called the religious frenzy of Islam, was at the mosque of the Howling Dervishes. It was a shabby old structure, in a rather squalid neighbourhood, its walls studded with shields and spears, and draped with green flags. Thirty-five dervishes marched in and formed a circle, sitting on leopard-skin mats. They rose, laid aside their outer garments and turbans, and to the accompaniment of drums, and flutes, and cymbals, began swaying slowly with a low chant—*La-ilaha ill-allah*—"There is no god but God." One pretty little girl, almost white, thumbed a tambourine among the performers. Presently, the music and the chant quickened, and the swaying and the bowing became more and more rapid. After a time, all stopped while one tall man, in dark blue kaftan, talked or exhorted in a

weird kind of incantation through his nose. Again the chanting was resumed. It became louder and louder and quicker and quicker, with sharp, staccato utterances, dwelling on one note, almost like the yelp of a dog: *'lah! 'lah! 'lah!* and swelling into a full, deep howl, like a pack of hounds in full cry. The dervishes loosed their long, black hair, and bending back and forwards from the middle, threw their heads so violently that their hair swept the ground and *swished* through the air. Presently one began whirling slowly in the centre of the ring, and the gyrations got faster and faster, though not reaching the delirious excitement of the whirling dervishes; the cymbals clashed, the drums throbbed faster and faster, and the howling became a quick, rapid, inarticulate yelp. At last they seemed exhausted, and the tiresome and monotonous exhibition came to a close. The dervishes, who are a sort of Moslem monks, ranged from lads about fifteen to quite old men. One was a very black Nubian with a prognathous muzzle. Sitting in rush chairs, or standing in the outer circle, were fair-faced girls and English and American tourists, a striking contrast of the civilization of the Occident, and the immemorial fanaticism of the Orient.

DERVISHES.

MOHAMMEDAN POSTURES OF PRAYER.

Many of the mosques exhibit a "faded splendour wan," and some are in absolute shabbiness of decay, the stucco falling from the roofs and the marble floors cracked and broken. Of these

mosques there are nearly four hundred. They are much alike, consisting of a large, paved court, open to the sky, surrounded with an arcade of columns. There is in all cases a fountain in the court, where the faithful perform their thorough ablutions before prayer, washing hands, arms, face, neck, and feet. If water cannot be had, as sometimes happens in the desert, they go through the motions with sand. On one side of the court there is always a large and lofty hall, generally covered with a dome, the walls adorned with Arabesque designs in Cuffic characters, quotations from the Koran. The floor is often covered with matting, and sometimes with costly Eastern rugs. On the side of the mosque towards Mecca, there is a recess or prayer-niche, or, perhaps, several of them, in front of which the worshippers stand; there is also a lofty pulpit with high stairway, beautifully carved in wood or stone. The following is the translation, by Mr. Lane, of the prayer of the Moslems while performing their ablutions:

"When he washes his face he says: 'O God, whiten my face with Thy light, on the day when Thou shalt whiten the faces of Thy favourites; and do not blacken my face on the day when Thou shalt blacken the faces of Thine enemies.' Washing his right arm, he entreats: 'O God, give me my book in my right hand; and reckon with me an easy reckoning.' Passing his wetted hand over his head, he says: 'O God, cover me with Thy mercy, and pour down Thy blessing upon me: and shade me under the shadow of Thy canopy, on the day when there shall be no shade but its shade.'

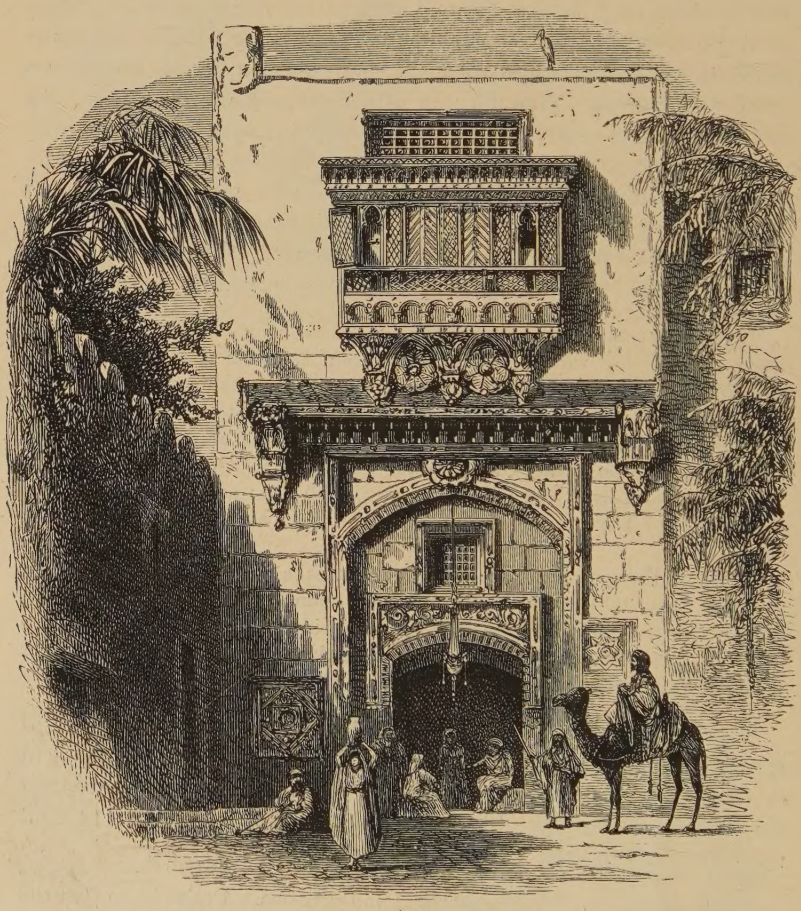
"One of the most striking of the entreaties is the prayer upon washing the right foot: 'O God, make firm my feet upon Es Sirat, on the day when feet shall slip upon it.' 'Es Sirat' is the bridge which extends over the midst of hell, finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which all must pass, and from which the wicked shall fall into hell."

The bowings, bendings and genuflections are very profuse, and must be fatiguing; yet I have seen little boys from six to eight or ten years of age going through them all with the greatest decorum and gravity. The postures are shown on page 114, and the following prayer is generally used:

"In the name of God, the merciful and gracious. Praise be to God the Lord of creatures, the merciful and gracious, the Prince of the day of judgment: we serve Thee and we pray to Thee for help; lead us in the right way of those to whom Thou hast shown mercy, upon whom no wrath resteth, and who go not astray. Amen."

The worshipper will bow, kneel, touch his forehead to the ground, and rise erect half a dozen times in succession. On Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, a sermon or explanation of the Koran is sometimes given by a priest.

Honesty, charity, and good works are strongly enforced, and eating swine's flesh or drinking wine or spirituous liquors are rigidly prohibited. This prohibition, I think, is generally observed; although in the cities the Moslems are learning the Christian vice of drunkenness. The population of Egypt is the



GOVERNOR'S PALACE, AT MAUFALUT.

most dense in the world. It is over 600 to the square mile. (Belgium has a little over 200.) Eight millions are crowded into the narrow Nile valley. Though the mass of the people are abjectly poor, one sees none of the drunkenness and vice, squalor and suffering which abounds in the slums of London and Liverpool, Glasgow and New York.

We went one day to the Gezireh palace, a large and showy structure on the banks of the Nile, surrounded by a beautiful garden. The apartments, in architecture and furnishing, are a strange blending of the luxury of the Occident and Orient. We traversed large audience chambers, drawing-rooms, and a ball-room, with floors of mosaic or parquetry, wide corridors, sumptuous marble stairs, and onyx mantelpieces (each of which cost £3,000), silk divans, and embroidered tapestries. The distinguished guests who attended the opening of the Suez Canal were entertained here. One sumptuous *suite* of rooms was occupied by the Empress Eugenie, and another was fitted up for the Princess of Wales. The air was cool, and filled with the fragrance of the orange blossoms of the garden, and broad balconies overhung the Nile slowly gliding beneath the walls.

Across the garden was the harem building, containing *suites* of luxurious apartments, with frescoed ceilings and tapestried walls. Here Mohammed Ali kept his hundred wives in a gilded prison. When he fell from power they scuttled away, and the place now has the air of an empty barrack. Though not generally shown, we were allowed to wander through its extensive *suites* of rooms.

The garden abounds in a variety of tropical and sub-tropical plants and trees, palms, bamboos, banyans, hibiscus, oleanders—a wilderness of beauty that quite fascinated the flower-loving lady of our party. A baggy-legged and turbaned garden servant, with all the grace of a Chesterfield, presented Madam with a beautiful bouquet, and escorted us through the labyrinth of walks to the artificial grotto, constructed of rock from the wave-worn coast of Alexandria, fossil wood from the petrified forest, coloured pebbles from the Isle of Rhodes, and coral and shells from the Red Sea. The trickling waters, climbing plants, electric lights, fountains and placid pools, must have made it a fairyland during the Oriental festivities of Tewfic Pasha—like those of the Arabian nights. A winding path led to the summit of the grotto commanding a fine outlook of the garden.

A striking architectural feature is a large kiosk, probably the finest modern Saracenic structure in the world. The decoration is of ornamental iron from Dresden, costing £8,000, and the transport £2,000 more. It contains a fountain of great beauty, private rooms of the Khedive, bathing, reading and smoking apartments, etc. Our frontispiece will give an idea of part of this sumptuous kiosk. The marks of decay, however, are everywhere visible in a faded splendour, the ghost of its former glory. The life of nature, however, is undying, and the exuberant growth

SCARING THE BIRDS IN THE FIELDS.*

of plant and flower everywhere greeted the eye with beauty and filled the air with fragrance.

*The profusion of bird life in Egypt is one of its most striking features. To protect the growing crops, the fellaheen often erect little stands for boys armed with slings, who acquire wonderful dexterity in bringing down their game. In ancient Egypt birds were as numerous as now, and are pictured in countless variety on the tombs. This illustrates the dream of Pharaoh's chief baker, that the birds did eat out of the basket upon his head.

The visit to the pyramids is of course the great event of one's sojourn in lower Egypt. Few things are in sharper contrast than the buzzing hive of modern Cairo and the silence and desolation of those ruined tombs in the desert. It is a two hours' drive, much of the way on a fine road beneath shady sycamore and lebbek trees. We pass a number of pleasure palaces and drive through fields green with young wheat and barley, beans, and peas, and dotted with brown fellaheen cutting and loading on camels the fragrant clover.

The pyramids at a distance are rather a disappointment. "Is that all," we cannot help saying as we catch glimpses of them through the trees. But as we ride on mile after mile and they seem to come no nearer, their vastness gradually impresses itself upon the mind. As we leave the carriage and climb the long sandy slope which leads up to its base, the Great Pyramid looms up larger and larger, and crowds out every other object with its stupendous size. The sides of this pyramid, as is well known, are not a smooth slope, the casing stones having been removed for the building of old and new Cairo. They consist of a series of gigantic steps about a yard or more high. The most impressive thought, however, is that of the antiquity of these gigantic structures. Napoleon thrilled the hearts of his soldiers by the phrase, "From yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." More recent researches carry their origin back at least a thousand years further. They were already hoary with age when Abraham made his first visit to Egypt.*

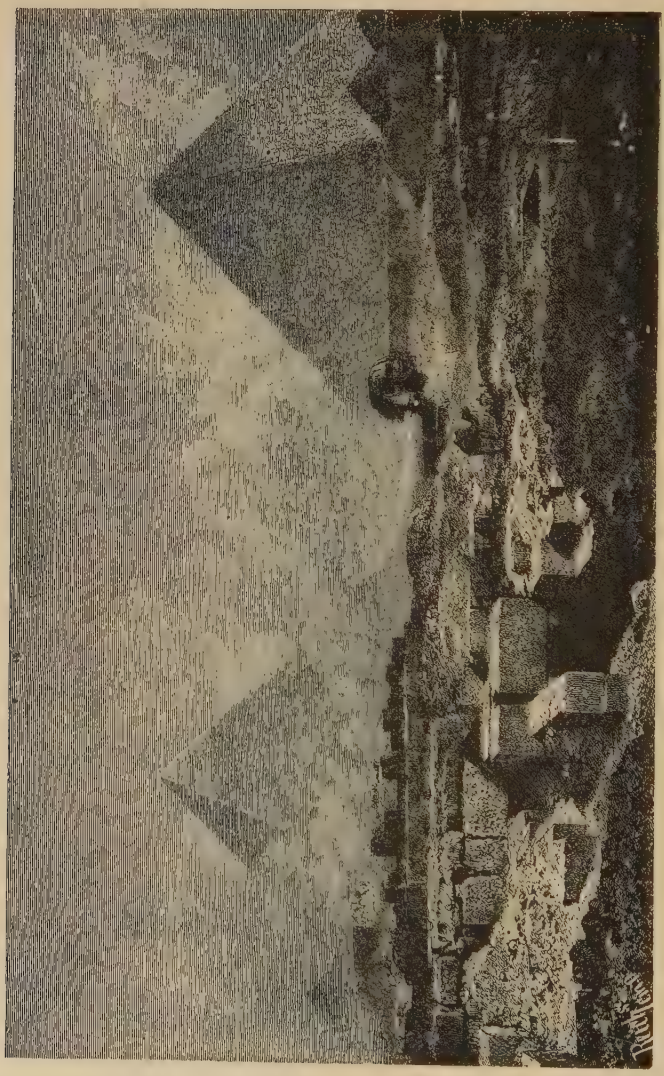
One is beset at once by a swarm of guides whose swarthy faces contrast vividly in the bright sunlight with their white turbans and white cotton gowns. The Arabs can do nothing quietly. They all shout at once at the top of their voices, and seem to quarrel among themselves for the possession of our persons. "Me Mark-a

* This Pyramid of Cheops is 482 feet high, and its base 768 feet square. It contains nearly 90,000,000 cubic feet of masonry. It weighs nearly 7,000,000 tons, and covers about thirteen acres. It is said 360,000 men were employed twenty years in its erection. The summit is now about thirty feet lower than when it was complete. An oriental myth enthrones in the pyramid a presiding goddess who allures men to their ruin like the German Lorelei. She is thus commemorated by Moore :

"Fair Rhodope, as story tells,
The bright unearthly nymph who dwells
'Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid."

There are some thirty pyramids in Egypt, but all of them are of a smaller size than that of Cheops, most of them very much smaller.

Twain," says one, "me your man." But we make a bargain with the Arab sheik of the pyramids, who assigns to each of us three guides to take us to the top. With their help the ascent is by no means difficult. One takes hold of each hand and another "boosts"



THE PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX.

one up behind, as we climb from one gigantic step to another. Half way up we stop to rest, and the distance to the summit seems almost as great as when we started from the base. The guides take from their girdles all manner of "anteckas," as they

call them, small bronze and pottery images of the gods, beads, scarabæi, ancient coins and the like, which they persistently endeavour to force upon us.

Ever wider and wider grows the horizon, and after about twenty minutes' climb we reach the top. This is a space thirty feet square, with some big blocks of stone and a flagstaff rising in the middle. Arab boys are here with water in porous jars, and their chaffer and chatter about their bothersome "anteekas" distract one's attention as one looks over the limitless stretch of yellow sand to the far Libyan hills, and the tawny Nile sweeping through the narrow strip of fertile land on either side, and tries to think of its wonderful past.

"Mark-a Twain" was very anxious to run down the pyramid and climb the nearest one, the great part of whose slope is quite smooth, the facing stones being still in place. This feat, which he promised to perform in ten minutes, was actually accomplished in about nine minutes. The black figure leaped from ledge to ledge down the side of the mountain of stone on which we stood, ran across the sandy plain, and looked not much larger than a fly climbing up the steep slope of the adjacent pyramid. The Arabs are clean-limbed, lithe, agile fellows, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on their sinewy frames.

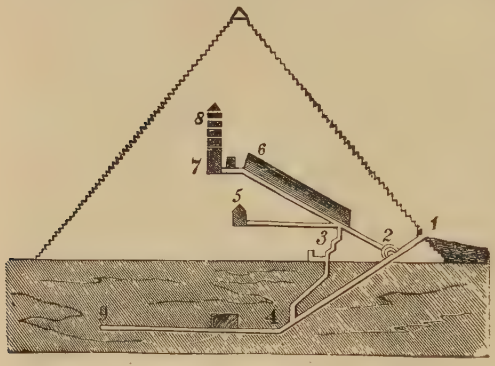
At last we turned to descend. My special guide tied a girdle around my waist, the ends of which two men held while I leaped from ledge to ledge. Near the foot of the slope is an opening, which looks like a mere mouse-hole in the mass of masonry. Here, with clamorous shouting and violent gestures, as though they were engaged in deadly quarrel, our guides arranged for conducting us to the heart of the pyramid. We went down a steep slope, worn smooth as glass by the feet of countless generations of explorers. Each of us carried a candle and slid and stumbled along in the stifling atmosphere in a passage of 3 ft. 4 inches in height, and 3 ft. 11 inches wide, descending at an angle of twenty-six degrees, where we had to stoop almost double. At length we reached the great gallery, 155 feet long, 28 feet high, and 7 feet wide, built of huge blocks of polished syenite, so close-jointed that not a knife edge can penetrate the cracks, and ascended to the king's chamber, 34 feet long, 17 broad, and 19 feet high. Before us lay the empty sarcophagus, 7 feet long, and over 3 feet wide and high, which once held the mummied form of the great Cheops, for whose glory this vast sepulchre was built.

A lot of rubbish has been written about the astronomical, religious, and prophetic significance of the pyramids, about this

sarcophagus in particular, as a measure of capacity, and about the measurements of the great gallery and orientation of the structure as having mystical meanings. This "religion of the pyramids" has been thoroughly exploded by the most recent and careful scientific investigation.

An Arab went down a perpendicular shaft to a great distance with a light, to show us its depth, but none of us ventured to descend. The air was hot, stifling, and filled with the odour of bats and of perspiring natives, and we were glad to escape from the crushing sense of the weight of this mountain of stone to the free space stretching to the far horizon and domed by the deep blue sky.

We then wandered over the rocky plateau honeycombed with tombs of ancient dynasties, and saw the remains of the great stone dyke described by Herodotus, by which the material for the pyramids was brought. Mounting camels, we rode across the sandy plain to that strange, twi-formed figure, symbol of the mystery of the Nile, the Sphinx. Although dwarfed by contrast with the pyramid behind, yet regarded in itself, it is the most stupendous effigy ever hewn by the art of man. The head is thirteen feet, eight inches broad, and nearly as long; the nose is four feet, seven inches long, and the mouth seven feet, seven inches long. The face is still exceedingly impressive, although shattered by the barbarous Mamelukes, who used it as a target. With its stony eyes it "stares straight on with a calm, eternal smile," gazing ever towards the east as though to greet the rising sun. Its gigantic head springs from the recumbent body of a lion, 190 feet long. Mariette Bey, at the cost of £500, entirely excavated the Sphinx, and found between its outstretched paws, 66 feet below the top of its head, the small temple shown in the cut on page 123. But the drifting sand has now covered it almost to the shoulders. The face somewhat resembles the negro type, but has a pleasing and smiling expression. The Arabs call it "The Father of Terror." The Coptic name is "The Watchful," as if it



SECTION OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

1. Entrance. 2. Ancient door. 3. Shaft. 4. Subterranean Chamber. 5. Queen's Chamber. 6. Great Hall. 7. King's Chamber. 8. Hollows to Relieve Weight. 9. Blind Gallery.

were the supernatural guardian of the land of the Nile. It seems, indeed, to have been a tutelary deity.

A few paces from the Sphinx is a granite tomb or temple, half-buried in the sand, whose sunken chambers we explored. It was probably a place for the celebration of religious rites. The so-called "Campbell's Tomb," named after the British consul, has a wide shaft over fifty feet deep, in whose broken niches, which we saw, were found a number of sarcophagi, now in the British Museum.

My camel driver, who assured me that he was a *hakim,* or doctor, and claimed me as a brother in the craft, pestered me to buy "anteekas" and exchange money with him, when I longed for an hour of solitude for thought amid these memorials of a long-vanished past. The great age of these monuments is more impressive than even their stupendous size. What changes have they witnessed, as hundreds of generations have swept beneath their shadow like the drifting desert sand! If the stony lips of the Sphinx could but tell us of the strange pageants that have passed before its gaze, what a story of conflict, of conquest and defeat, of the oppressions of God's people, Israel, of the portents dire of the river of blood and the plagues of frogs, lice, flies, and murrain upon man and beast, hail, locusts, and the wail that rang through the darkness for the first-born dead in every house, and of the deliverance of Israel by the hand of Moses and Aaron! Of these we find no record save in the inspired records, for a baffled and defeated tyranny leaves no monument of its crime and punishment.

THE GREAT SPHINX, AT TIME OF ITS EXCAVATION.

THERE is some soul of goodness in things everywhere,
Would men observingly distil it out.

THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

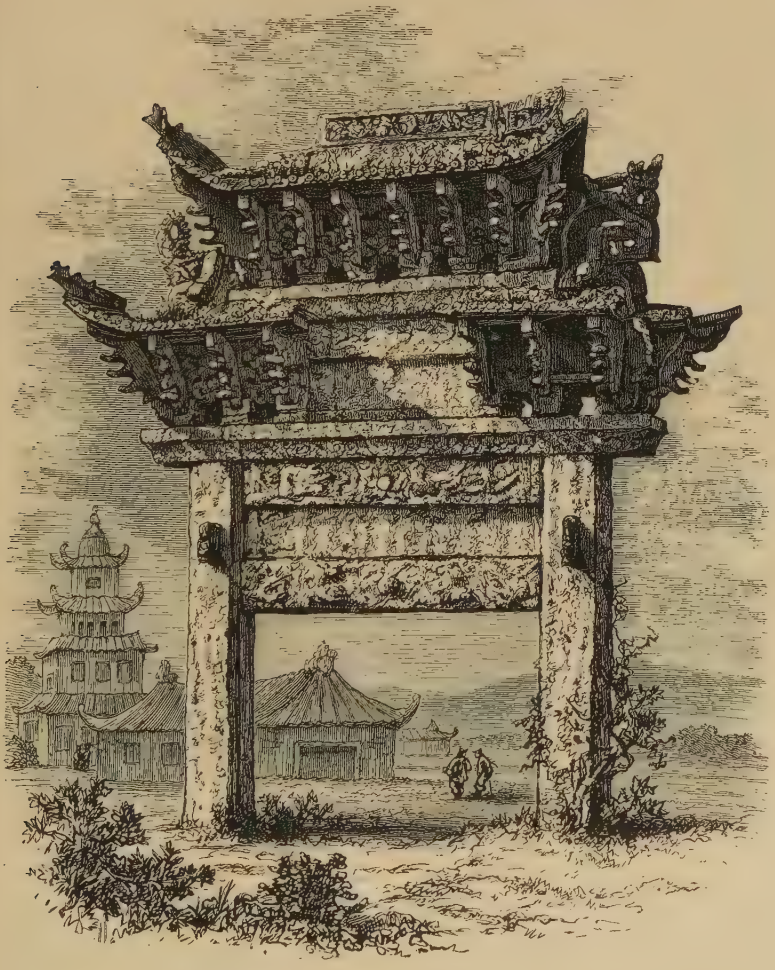
A CHINESE OFFICER.

If all the people of all the world can be imagined as standing abreast, in a single line, so that they should just touch one another, that line would be about 500,000 miles long, long enough to reach around the earth twenty times. And if you could pass in front of that line and look on each face, at least one man in every four you would see would be a Chinaman.

There are eighteen provinces in China proper, each one being about as large as Great Britain, and yet it is very doubtful whether many of the boys and girls who have finished their geographies know so much as the name of any one of these provinces. Americans talk much of their vast country, yet China, with its dependencies, has 300,000 more square miles than are found in all their States and Territories, including Alaska. On each square mile in the United States there dwell, on an average, ten or eleven persons, while China has at least two hundred and fifty inhabitants for every one of her square miles.

There are about four hundred millions of souls in the empire, and though we think a good beginning has been made towards giving them the gospel of Jesus, and many thousands have already learned to love Him, there is not yet two Christian missionaries for each million of people. If Christians knew more about it, they would surely make more effort to give to its millions the gospel.

The Chinese have many names for the land they inhabit. It is from their name Tsin or Chin, that our word China comes. This is very like the name Sinim, by which it is supposed China is referred to in the Bible (Isa. xlix. 12). They call it also "The Middle Kingdom," sometimes "The Central Flowery Kingdom," because they think it stands in the centre of the earth.



CHINESE PAGODA, OR TEMPLE AND GATE.

Pekin, the capital of this great empire, is one of the largest cities in the world, having an estimated population of a million and a half. It is the seat of governmental administration, and of large commercial enterprises. The streets are generally unpaved, and according to the state of the weather, are either knee-

deep in mud or covered with dust. The houses are chiefly of brick, one story high, and often embellished with grotesque carving, as shown in our engraving, and with much brilliant painting and gilding.

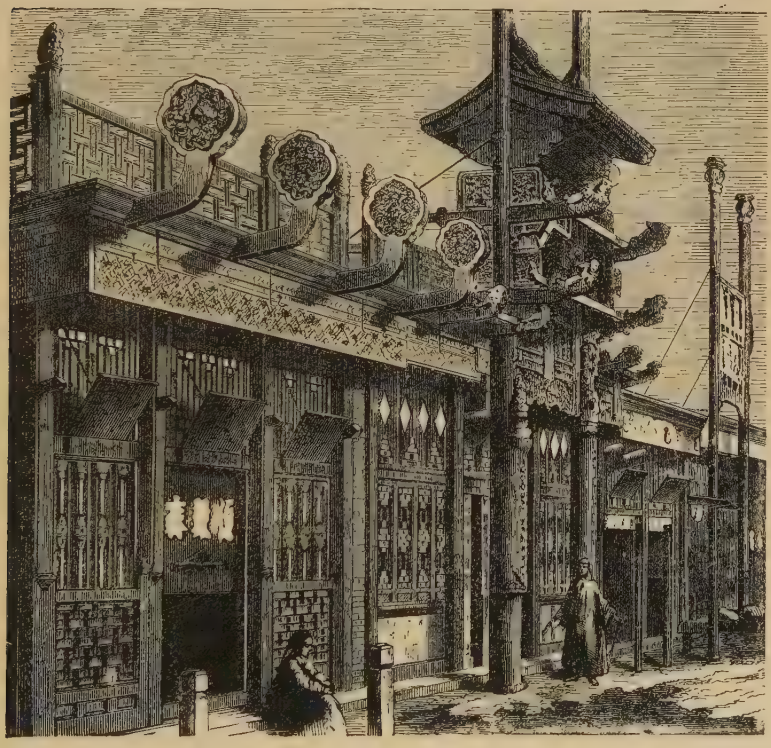
The street scenes are generally of peculiar animation, from the number of stalls and street buyers and sellers. All manner of trades and industries are conducted *al fresco*, and the picturesque garb of the natives, which is fast becoming familiar in our Canadian cities, gives colour and variety to the scene.

The Great Wall was built upon the northern boundaries of the empire two hundred years before our Saviour came to earth. It was designed as a defence against the warlike Tartars, but is now quite useless. It runs from the sea along the northern border of the empire for over 1,300 miles, passing through the valleys and over lofty mountain ranges. The wall varies from fifteen to thirty feet in height, and is about as thick as it is high, while at intervals there are large square towers, some of them being fifty feet high. It is said that six horsemen could ride abreast on the top of the wall. What energy and patience the Chinese must have had to build this enormous structure, which has lasted now for over two thousand years!

There are said to be three national religions in China. One originated with Confucius, a sage who lived about six hundred years before Christ. All the Chinese reverence him, and yet a large portion of them follow another religion than the one he taught. Some are Taoists, and some are Buddhists. But while these three forms of religion are professed, the people care little about any one of them. Once or twice a year each Chinaman bows and worships heaven and earth, but every day of the year and in every house in the land, worship is offered to departed ancestors. The universal religion of China is the worship of ancestors. Each family keeps what are called ancestral tablets. These are boards, usually about twelve inches long by three wide, on which are written the name, rank, titles, birth and death days of each deceased member of the household. Every day, morning and evening, incense is burned and worship offered before these tablets.

One of the saddest things about the religions of China is that none of them seem to have it for their object to make men better. A priest once said to a missionary: "Your religion does not give what the people want. When they worship they wish to know whether they can grow rich and recover from disease. In the case of believing in Jesus, there are no benefits of this kind." The people have no idea of a religion whose aim is to free from sin and to make men pure.

Though the Chinese are good scholars and have many books, they are as superstitious as the lowest savages. They believe in ghosts and evil spirits, and one of their singular notions is that these evil spirits go in straight lines, and hence they make their streets crooked, so as to confuse and keep off the bad spirits. They also believe in an oracle by which they can foretell their fate. While incense is burning and crackers are fired off, to keep the god awake and attentive, the inquirer shakes a cup in which



MERCANTILE WAREHOUSE, PEKIN.

are placed strips of wood with some written words upon them, and from the strips that fall upon the ground he learns his fate.

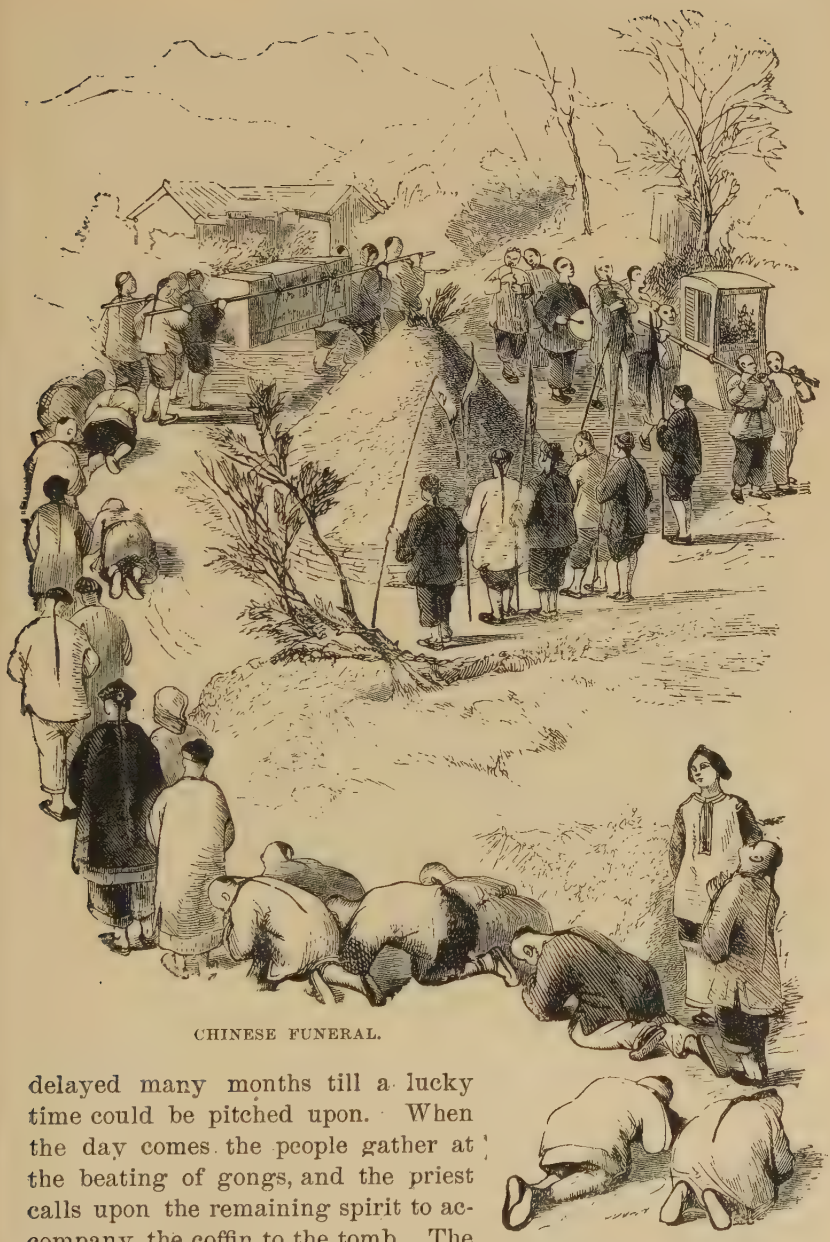
Another singular notion of the Chinese is that they can convey to any spirit, whether human or divine, whatever they may please, by simply burning the article, or an image of it, in the flames. Hence, as they think that a friend, after his spirit leaves the body, will need just what he needed here, they burn paper images of these objects, and fancy that they reach the departed soul. A missionary describes a paper house which he once saw built for

a person who had died. "It was about ten feet high and twelve deep. It contained a sleeping-room, library, reception-room, hall, and treasury. It was furnished with paper chairs and tables. Boxes of paper money were carried in. There was a sedan-chair, with bearers, and also a boat and boatman, for the use of the deceased in the unseen world. A table spread with food was placed in front of the house." This whole paper establishment was suddenly set fire to, and in the midst of a fusilade of crackers it quickly vanished in the flames. What a pitiable notion this is as to what human souls will need in the future!

This idea that whatever is burned in the sacred flame is thus conveyed to unseen spirits, is applied to prayers. The Chinaman always writes his prayers and then burns them. So he fancies they go up to the god or spirit he would address. The priests fill up blank prayers, according to the wishes of their customers who come with their various wants. People come to buy prayers for themselves and for others, and having had them filled out, they go away to burn them.

Among other singular customs of the Chinese are those connected with the death and burial of people. When any man is supposed to be dying, he is taken into the hall of his house and washed and dressed in his best clothes. Of course such treatment often hastens death. When he is fairly dead a priest is called, who exhorts the spirit to leave the body. Coins of gold or silver are put in the dead man's mouth. With these, it is supposed, he can pay his way in the other world. The coffin is usually all ready, since most Chinamen make this provision for themselves long before they die. It is said that children often present their fathers and mothers with a coffin as a suitable birth-day gift when they have completed their sixty-first year. After the body has been closely sealed in the coffin, it is kept in the house for fifty days of mourning. During each of these days the family go into the street, and kneeling in front of the house they wail bitterly. All the relatives send offerings of food and money to be placed before the coffin for the use of the spirit which remains in the body. They imagine that each person has three souls, and on the twenty-first day of mourning they raise huge paper birds on long poles, and these birds are supposed to carry away one of the souls to heaven.

The Chinese are like some foolish people elsewhere, in imagining that good or bad luck is connected with certain days and places. But the Chinese carry it so far that they seek a lucky spot for a grave, and a lucky day and hour for the funeral. This often takes a long while, and a burial has been known to be



CHINESE FUNERAL.

delayed many months till a lucky time could be pitched upon. When the day comes the people gather at the beating of gongs, and the priest calls upon the remaining spirit to accompany the coffin to the tomb. The procession is then formed, as shown in our illustration on this page. The ceremonies are almost endless, quite too many to describe here. Usually a band of musicians, or gong-beaters, goes first, then men with banners on which are inscribed the

names and titles of the deceased and his ancestors. In the sedan-chair which follows is placed the man's portrait. Then follows more gong-beaters, and near them a person who scatters on the ground paper money, representing gold and silver coins. This mock money is supposed to be for the hungry ghosts who are wandering through the air, and will annoy the departed soul unless they receive toll. Then comes the coffin, and after that the relatives all clad in white, the mourning colour in China.

On the arrival of the procession at the burial-place, a person who is supposed to be able to drive away evil spirits strikes each corner of the grave with a spear, and the priest calls upon the soul of the dead man to remain with his body in the tomb.

Is not all this a sad story of superstition? And the Chinese in some directions are as cruel as they are superstitious. If they are kind to their parents, they are inhuman to their children. The girls suffer most. Their feet are tightly bound to keep them small, in a way to give them constant pain. The wail of the poor feet-bound girls is heard far and wide in China. And in some provinces parents kill their daughters and nothing is thought of it. It is said that in the great city of Foochow, more than half of the families have destroyed one or more of their daughters.

What can save such a people but the gospel of Jesus? It is pleasant to close this sad story of wickedness and superstition by telling how the light is beginning to shine in the midst of the darkness. A little over forty years ago no Protestant missionary was permitted to live within the bounds of China. Now thirty missionary societies are maintaining labourers, and 439 churches have been organized, with 40,350 members. Many thousands more have left their idol worship, and are hearing the gospel of Jesus.

A recent English tourist thus describes his visit to Shanghai:

"What a magnificent town, the Venice of the East it seemed to me, with its long procession of stately buildings in the Venetian Palace style on its Bund, recalling the Grand Canal and its procession of palaces, now unhappily recalling Browning's death. A little before midnight of the 17th of November, 1891, we anchored in the river of China, the fourth river of the world, the Yangt-si-kiang, in one of the southernmost mouths of its seventy-mile delta, and at daylight steamed up to Woo Sung, whence, at about nine a.m., the agent's launch carried us up the Wang Po, a two hours' trip to Shanghai. The first English words which saluted us were 'Empire Brewery.' I was much interested in a Chinese tea-house, and Chinese buildings, with clusters of queer little turn-up-toed roofs. But we were all alike soon lost in con-

templation of Shanghai, which burst upon us with a turn of the river. Out in the stream lay big two-funnelled P. & O. and Messageries boats and the British gun-boat *Wanderer*.

"The mouth of the Yangt-si was full of junks with brown rattaned sails All had goggling eyes painted on their brows, as had the pretty little sampans. The passenger boats are very queer things, with their tall, lanky, rattaned sails, ridiculously out of proportion to their size, as tall as the masts of a large

GOING TO MARKET.

steamer, worked by a whole wave of strings, like the stretchers of a Japanese kite; the masts themselves without a shroud or a stay, in spite of their ridiculous height. These boats are generally sailed under the English flag to avoid the periodical squeezes to which the native craft are subjected by the mandarins.

"The most noteworthy European building in Shanghai is, of course, the handsome Anglican Cathedral, built, by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, of red and black brick—looking under the clear Chinese sky like one of the great brick churches of mediæval

Italy. It was the first spot we visited in Shanghai, the first place I have ever visited in the mainland of Asia. One might have been back in England. Truly the Island Queen is great, where subjects under alien stars the width of the world away, and in the teeth of the nation most stubborn in opposition, have built up a bit of England such as they build broadcast in her magnificent Indian Empire.

"One day I took some photographs of some of the queer wheelbarrows used by the native population in place of jinrikishas, adopted from Japan, for the Europeans. They are a cross between a huge wheelbarrow and a jaunting-car, and sometimes one will see a whole family of Chinamen on the two sides. More often one side is given up to luggage and the other to passengers. These wheelbarrows are about the size of a costermonger's barrow. The one in our picture is carrying a hog to market. There is a continuation of the Bund, almost at right angles with it, connected by a hog-backed bridge, hog-backed because the Tai-Tai, a sort of native governor, both objected to a drawbridge, and objected to a bridge that boats could not pass under at the highest tide. Formerly a large revenue was derived by charging two cash (about 3-20 of a cent) for every barrow driven over it. The economical soul of John Chinaman writhed at this expense, and they used to get out of it in this way. There was no charge for foot passengers or burdens carried, so each wheelbarrow carried a pole, and when they came to the bridge the barrow man and the man in the barrow, unless he preferred paying the two cash, unshipped the wheel of the barrow, slung it on one end of the pole and the barrow at the other, and carried them over the bridge. The weight was nothing to a Chinaman. Twice one day we saw pianos in heavy packing-cases carried slung on poles by only four coolies apiece. The jinrikishas are not so good as in Japan. They are commoner, and, in spite of their bright scarlet linings, dirtier and drawn by a much lower class of coolie, who does not understand anything; but they are cheap, only thirty-eight American cents for a whole day's hire, and only two and a quarter cents for a short ride."

The Rev. David Hill, referring to the Methodist Missions in China says:

"The Chinese mission work in which the Methodists of Canada have embarked is a stupendous work. They need to brace themselves up for intenser effort. It is no easy task upon which they have entered. Thank God that missionaries are going in increasing numbers to that land. Four hundred missionaries met there a little time ago, and they asked for one thousand more missionaries. Two hundred have gone out during the past year.

"Your missionaries have gone to the far West. There are special characteristics in that province which you have selected. It is a provincial capital. There is the Viceroy, who holds sway over seventy millions of people. There is also a judge, a treasurer,

and a Government department of the Literary Chancellor. This Literary Chancellor has charge of the examinations conducted in that city.

"In that city, every third year (sometimes more frequently) all the literary men throughout that province are gathered together for the purpose of a literary examination. They are together for about a fortnight. Nine days are spent in the examinations. There are about 10,000 students coming up for examination. These gentlemen are the most influential in the province. They are men of education and business. Now, if only while these men are there for examination a blow could be struck which would teach their hearts, what a wonderful work might be done! Throughout the eighteen capitals of China there are 150,000 gentlemen assembled for examination. Now, if these could only be reached! It is not always easy to preach to them. So their plan had been to reach them by the press. They printed in the city where he lived two years ago the best tract they had on the Trinity. They struck off 10,000 copies. A body of missionaries met there, and when the first batch of students came out of their cells, they distributed copies of the tract among them; and this was continued till all the students had been supplied. Then, they are continually meeting with men who have bought their books. Thus the foundations of the work are being laid.

CHINESE LADY.

"A few years ago in North China, where these literary examinations were coming on, the missionaries met together and prayed for light as to what to do. They decided to give the students subjects to be examined in. They prepared papers and offered prizes. The questions were so arranged that they would have to read the tracts before they could answer the questions. They were asked questions about the atonement, and other kindred subjects. They were thus compelled to look at these questions. One hundred and eleven gentlemen sent in papers prepared on these themes. The missionaries examined the papers and gave prizes accordingly. He cited instances of conversion resulting from such work. Protestants had something to learn from the Roman Catholic workers there. While we must keep free from all civil entanglements—which they do not—yet we may imitate their charitable work.

"The field taken up by the Canadian Methodist Church was one of the most fearful opium-smoking districts of China. One-third of the cultivated land is given up to the cultivation of the poppy. England taught China to smoke opium. We ought to stir ourselves to put this evil down. He pictured the opium-smoker as the most degraded of men. He rejoiced in the truth that the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost of humanity. It is easy to go to respectable men and speak to them. He had spoken of one man; but millions of our fellowmen are dragged down by this vice. China, he said, in conclusion, needs what the world needs. She needs not warships, nor railroads, but what your heart needs, and mine. China needs Jesus!"

A SPECIMEN SUNDAY IN CHINA.*

"Sunday came as a day of rest from all manual labour. The pounding of grain, the click of the shuttle, the crunch of the printing-press, were no longer heard; but the day was filled with every variety of vigilant service for the spiritual good of the people within the mission sphere. I now propose to give an account of that Sunday's activities, which may be taken as a fair specimen of what goes on at other missionary centres.

"When half-past eleven, the hour for the English service, approached, we proceeded to the boats by which we were to cross to the little church on the other side of a narrow strait. Our service was a demonstration of Christian union only possible abroad. Consuls and bankers, missionaries and merchants, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Baptists, joined together on heathen soil, in the slightly modified liturgical service, read by a Presbyterian minister; and then I had the privilege of preaching to the dispersed of many Christian homes. It was very touching to see the brave young fellows who had gone out to the big world of China, with their plucky, devoted wives, to fight for fortune and win the right to live at home in comfort; but it was more touching still to meet accomplished scholars from the universities, and ladies from luxurious homes, who had given up all this world's prizes, present or prospective, and who had made their homes in China, determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, that they might draw the heathen to the Saviour of the world, who loved them and had given Himself for them.

"The admirable mission premises of the Presbyterian Church of England are not only the creation of the missionaries, but the very ground on which they stand has been won from the sea. An embankment was thrown, at low tide, round an expanse of slimy deposit, the inclosure filled in, and buildings erected on the reclaimed ground. These buildings comprise healthy residences for half-a-dozen missionary families, a church, hospital, and hospital chapel, schools and dormitories for boarders, college, printing-offices, and the other structures required in a great missionary centre. Not only the converts, but the ground on which they were assembled, had been reclaimed for Christ. The work of recreation and reclamation is well

* We reprint from the *Sunday School Times* this interesting account, by the Rev. Dr. Wright, of mission-work of the Presbyterian Church at Swatow, China.

begun. More than eleven hundred converts, drawn from the heathen, are now in church-membership. Thirty years ago there were just three. The number of communicants was doubled during the last seven years, and they increased in the same ratio during the previous seven years. It was interesting to contemplate the work that produced such splendid results.

"I was lying awake as the Sunday began to dawn, listening to the chirruping of strange birds, when suddenly the strains of the familiar hymn,

'Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,'

floated in through our open window. It was sung by the thirty-two little Chinese maidens in the boarding-school. These little girls are under the

G. W. CLARKE'S MISSION HOUSEHOLD, AT TA-LE-FU.

care of the missionaries' wives, and they are educated and trained to do all kinds of plain household work. They were all up with the lark, as happy as the birds whose notes they drowned. They have a weekly prayer-meeting among themselves, at which they pray that God would open all their hearts to His love. A class of fifteen little boys begins the Christian Sabbath in the same happy manner.

"At eight o'clock the children were assembled, by the lady who superintends them, for prayer and the study of the Scriptures. At the same hour a native service was conducted in the hospital chapel. At half-past nine there was public worship in the church. A wooden partition ran down the middle of the church, separating the men from the women. The congregation were ranged in three tiers, facing the minister. The nearest place to the pulpit was occupied by the children. The youths and maidens came next in their respective sides of the church. The third tier was composed

of the older people, who fill the whole back of the building. The preaching was earnest and scriptural, and it was evident from the faces of the listeners that it was well understood. Even children of twelve years of age listened with intent, earnest faces.

"At the same hour a service was proceeding in the hospital chapel for

CHINESE MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

patients. The hospital is the largest in China, and has always an average of about two hundred in-patients, in addition to outside patients. In this way about twenty thousand sufferers are attended to yearly at the society's hospitals, and thus come under the sound of the Gospel.

"The patients, while under treatment, are generally willing to give heed to the spiritual instruction of the men who have proved so kind and skilful

in dealing with their bodily diseases. 'John Chinaman' is the 'John Bull' of the East. He has a practical eye for the value of things, and there is nothing like the gospel of practical benevolence for breaking down the hostile prejudices and arrogant pretentions of an exclusive people like the Chinese, who look on all men as 'barbarians' but themselves.

"Among the many self-denying and devoted labours of the missionaries, nothing that I saw in China impressed me so much as the work in the hospitals. The Chinese are an odorous people. China I found to be a land of smells. To me the leading characteristic of China seemed to be an infinite variety and inexhaustible supply of ever-present perfumes. In fact, their primitive weapon of war is charged with the most common ammunition of the empire.

"In addition to their ordinary smells, patients bring to the hospitals their festering wounds and fetid bandages, and I saw the doctors removing the filthy coverings and cleansing away foul accretions as gently and joyously as a mother would undress her babe. As an old missionary, I knew that I could take a share in the various kinds of mission-work and missionary privations, but I felt that I never, under any circumstances, could take a place in the noble army of missionary doctors. These men not only did their duty to their patients, but they seemed to have an amount of professional enthusiasm in dealing with foul and repulsive cases. In the great hospitals of Canton and Hong Kong, as well as that of Swatow, the same heartiness as well as tenderness was manifest in all operations. The hospital work is a most Christ-like work. 'Jesus had compassion on the multitude,' but 'He healed their sick' before He fed them. The hospital at Swatow has proved, in many cases, to be the door of the Church. It is the fulcrum for the gospel lever by which the missionaries are moving China. The doctor who puts forth a hand to heal a sick child lays a hand on the mother's heart.

"It was in the lull that followed the services in the church and hospital chapel that we crossed the strait for our happy united English service.

"At twelve o'clock evangelistic services were conducted in the native town by native converts. These services are intended for the heathen who have not yet been drawn to the missionaries by either teaching or healing. By such services native churches are gathered together, and there are now twenty-seven native congregations, with about two thousand members and adherents. Of the ninety-three converts baptized last year, the greater part were brought to Christ through the testimony of native Christians.

"At two o'clock there was a class of native women taught by ladies of the mission, and it was interesting to see Christian women of Europe in touch with their less favoured sisters in China, and to watch them breaking the Bread of Life to suit their limited capacities.

"At three o'clock there was again public worship in the church for all comers, and after a short discourse by one of the missionaries, I had an opportunity of addressing the congregation through an interpreter. I tried the parabolic and picturesque style which I used to find most effective with the Arabs; but Chinese thought and experience flow so widely apart from European, and even from Syrian, that I felt my points were not being apprehended. When I came, however, to the story of the Cross, with its depth of suffering and wealth of love, I found myself on common ground with my hearers. The Christ of the Gospel is brother to all men.

"Simultaneously with our church service, an examination of candidates for baptism was proceeding in the hospital chapel. The importance of this service will be recognized when it is remembered that nearly one hundred adults were baptized last year after satisfying the missionaries as to their consistent lives, as well as their competent knowledge. In accordance with

CHINESE PEDLAR.

apostolic precept, the missionaries 'lay hands suddenly on no man,' and only receive converts to the ordinance of baptism when they have given proof of a saving knowledge of the truth by the evidence of a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel. The vague and gross ideas regarding baptism, expressed by some of the more ignorant candidates would have given pause to those who advocate the extension of the rite to all who

apply for it. Such opportunities are used by the missionaries, not only for testing and teaching the catechumens, but for edifying the general congregation and correcting mistaken ideas. The baptism of a heathen convert in a heathen land is an important event. The baptized convert goes back again to his work among the heathen, who are a curious and quick-witted people, and it is necessary that he should not be only able to justify the steps he has taken, but also to give a reason for the hope that is in him. The missionaries seek to make each new member of the Church a missionary to his brethren, and to such men the mission owes much of its success.

"At half-past seven public worship was again conducted in the hospital chapel for both in and out patients, and for any others who wished to attend. This brought to an end the regular services of a public character for the day.

"The Sunday at Swatow was a busy day, but there was no hurry. From early dawn to dewy eve, service followed service in quick succession; but, besides these, there were offices of charity and mercy which the missionaries gladly attended. One of these, which was of special and touching interest, may fitly close our remarks. Some thirteen years ago a boarding-school for young girls was commenced by the missionary ladies. One of the girls showed early signs of deep Christian conviction, and decided to give herself to the Lord. At the same time she declared that she would not allow her feet to be deformed, and that she would never submit to be married to a heathen. She became a bright, intelligent Christian and a useful member of the Church, and, after a time, she was happily married to a native convert. She never enjoyed robust health, and the influenza, in its baneful circuit round the world, found her weak, and laid the train for rapid consumption.

"Our Sunday at Swatow was her last on earth, and as the end drew near, she called her heathen mother to her bed-side, and said, 'Dear mother, have I ever been unfilial to you?' The mother, weeping, replied that she never had. Then looking up with a rapt and happy face, the dying woman said, in a low but clear voice, 'The Lord calls me; I follow Him;' and so she passed from the lowly couch of weakness and pain to be forever with the Lord.

"On the following day the native Christians of Swatow and the missionaries buried her on a grassy knoll 'in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection.'"

Among the most conspicuous objects of architecture in China, are the beautifully carved, painted, and gilded gates in front of their pagodas and temples and even their business houses. These are purely ornamental, and not designed to keep anything out, as is apparent from our pictures. The carving, gilding, and fine carpenter work of their houses is exceedingly artistic, as will be seen from cut on page 127.

Many of the Chinese officials are exceedingly courteous and obliging. Others feel a sense of their dignity, which requires them to assert it in a somewhat rude and offensive manner. They are not what we would call a handsome race, and even lovely woman is rendered rather unlovely by her bandaged and tortured

feet. Instead of walking like a queen, she totters like a cripple. They are fond of artificial flowers and other decorations, and their jet black hair is made as sleek and shiny as possible by dint of oiling and brushing.

They are very loving and tender mothers, and take admirable care of their children, whose shaven heads give even babies a highly venerable appearance. The picture on page 136 is that of a scene in a Christian Chinese home, where a higher type of civilization obtains. Another of our cuts shows the queer way in which the Chinese pedlar exhibits his wares as he goes crying them through the streets.

"THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

How did the morning stars together sing,
And every son of God his voice upraise
In one ecstatic shout of rapturous praise,
When first creation owned her mighty King.

How on from world to world the music swelled
In waves of faultless harmony, unheard
Until He gave the keynote, by Whose word
The myriad spheres are in their courses held.

Unceasing beats that mighty heart of song—
Touched into being in creation's morn—
Finds a new pulse in every world since born,
And through the ages throbs its waves along.

Too high for finite minds those wondrous strains!
Too pure for mortal ears each perfect note!
On and forever on through space they float,
Bearing their endless praise to Him who reigns.

Oh, were we to those sweet-voiced worlds more near,
Were earth-dulled senses fitted to perceive
The entrancing melodies their circlings weave,
Our inmost souls would hush themselves to hear!

And when the "Ephphatha" at last is said—
When, by the Hand which plays the orbs of light
And draws their deepest music into sight,
To dwell with God our happy souls are led,

We may, for one brief moment, silent stand—
But then, with perfect ear and heaven-tuned voice,
Glad we shall join the thousands who rejoice,
And ring our clear notes in the chorus grand;

For the bright stars which hymned creation's birth
Sounded the prelude to the triumph song,
Which soon shall rise from all the ransomed throng
In the new heavens and the sin-cleansed earth.

TORONTO.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

BY W. T. STEAD.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

In the English-speaking world two women stand prominently before the public as contributing most of the change that is taking place in the popular estimate of the capacity and the status of woman. They are each distinctive types of their sex—one English, the other American. Each has had a serious and responsible post to fill, which brought them conspicuously before the eyes of their contemporaries, and each, tested, by the practical strain and wear and tear of fifty years, has displayed supreme capacity, both moral, intellectual and physical. No one can over-estimate the enormous benefit it has been to the cause of progress that during the whole of the period during which the conception of woman's citizenship was germinating in the public mind, the English throne should have been occupied by a woman as capable, as upright, and as womanly as Queen Victoria.

The British Constitution has many defects, but it has done one thing which the American Constitution would never have done: it has given an able woman an unequalled opportunity of proving, in the very foretop of the State, that in statesmanship, courage and all the more distinctively sovereign virtues, she could hold her own with the ablest and the most powerful men who could be selected from the millions of her subjects. The Queen has lived in the heart of politics, home and foreign, for more than fifty years. The problems which it is held would demoralize the female house-

holder if once in seven years she had to express an opinion upon them at the ballot-box, have been her daily bread ever since her childhood. She is a political woman to her finger tips. She knows more about foreign politics by far than the permanent secretaries at the Foreign Office, and in all constitutional and domestic affairs she can give tips to Mr. Gladstone in matters of precedents, and to any of her ministers as to questions of procedure. John Bright said of her, after knowing her for years, "She is the most perfectly truthful person I ever met." Mr. Forster, another sturdy Briton of Quaker antecedents, said as emphatically that no one could ever be with the Queen without contracting a very sincere personal regard for her. Even Mr. Gladstone, of whom Lord Beaconsfield said he forgot his sovereign was a woman, and conceived her only to be a Government department, has paid high homage to her extraordinary memory and her marvellous mastery of what may be called the tools of the profession of a constitutional monarch.

Broadly speaking, it may be fairly said that the Queen would be acknowledged by all her ministers, Liberal or Conservative, to have more knowledge of the business of governing nations than any of her prime ministers, more experience of the mysteries and intricacies of foreign affairs than any of her foreign secretaries, as loyal and willing a subservience to the declared will of the nation as any democrat in Parliament, and as keen and passionate an Imperial patriotism as ever beat in any human breast. And yet, while all that would be admitted, not even the most captious caviller will pretend that the tremendous pressure of politics, kept up daily for over fifty years, has unsexed the Queen. She is a woman as womanly as any of her subjects, and she is the standing refutation of the silly falsehood that a lady cannot be a politician. As long as the one woman, who has to toil at politics as a profession, is our "Sovereign Lady the Queen," the sneer of the popinjays whose ideal woman is a doll well dressed, but without brains, is somewhat pointless to the common sense of Her Majesty's subjects. Hence it is, perhaps, not very surprising that the two prime ministers who have seen the most of the Queen of late years, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, both voted for female suffrage. With that object lesson in the highest place of the capacity of woman to discharge, with advantage to herself and to others, by far the most responsible of all political duties, it was simply impossible for them to maintain the position of antagonism to woman's suffrage, which is only natural to those who despise the capacity or distrust the character of one-half the human race.

The English woman who has done the most to familiarize the world with the capacity and utility of the woman in statesmanship upon a throne has given her name to the Victorian era. In America there are no thrones on which a woman can sit. Even the Presidential chair is the monopoly of the male. The platform and the press, the pulpit and organization, these are the only means by which, in the Republic of the West, either man or woman can prove themselves possessed of eminent capacity, and

can make their personality potent in influencing the thoughts and actions of the nation. And no one has even cast so much as a cursory glance over the dead level of American society without realizing that among American women Miss Willard stands first.

Ancestry and Upbringing.

She was well born, of pious and healthy parents, in an almost ideally happy home. Her mother, Mary Willard, who, full of years and of honour, passed away last autumn, was one of those who have a natural genius for motherhood. In her own phrase, to her, "motherhood was life's richest and most delicious romance." "Mothers are the creed of their children," was another of her sayings, and, like most people who do things supremely well, she was always painfully conscious of her utter inability to realize her own ideal. But her daughter, writing of her after fifty years of wide experience of men and women, said: "For mingled strength and tenderness, sweetness and light, I have never met her superior." Her supreme gift of motherliness reached, in her children's estimation, the height of actual genius.

Mrs. Willard was a native of Vermont, where she was born in 1805. Five years after Waterloo was fought she began to earn her living as school teacher near Rochester. They were a long-lived family. Her father lived to be eighty-six, her grandmother ninety-seven; Mrs. Willard herself lived to be eighty-seven. It was a sturdy stock, with sound minds in sound bodies, with the light of humour laughing in their eyes, and the imperious conscience of the New England Puritan governing their life. Miss Willard's father was born the same year as her mother, in the same State. They married in Ogden, N.Y., when they were six-and-twenty, and remained in New York until after Frances was born.

The children were taught to love books, and they were encouraged to read and to enquire. Frances was from the first given to question everything. When first told the Bible was God's word, she immediately asked, "But how do you know?" and it was one of the standing difficulties of her childhood, how if God were good He could permit the ghastly horror of death. Her enquiries were never checked, but rather encouraged, and her mother had the satisfaction of seeing her daughter a declared Methodist Christian before she had attained her twentieth year.

They could seldom attend church, being miles away from any meeting-house, and they got but little Sunday schooling; but they learned all they knew of this world and the next from books and at their mother's knee. Every Sunday they had one full hour devoted to sacred song, and the rest of the day was spent in reading books borrowed from the nearest Sunday-school library, and the Sunday-school magazines. They were taught to repeat by heart whole chapters of the New Testament and screeds of poetry.

Four years after settling in Oberlin (and where these remarkable parents had studied diligently in the college), Mr. Willard's

health began to fail, and they decided to go west to Wisconsin. What a curious picture it is—that of the exodus from Oberlin! All that they had was placed into three white covered waggons; Mr. Willard drove one; Oliver—then a twelve-year-old boy—drove the second, while Mrs. Willard drove the third. Frances and Mary sat on a writing desk in their mother's waggon. The big Newfoundland dog trotted behind. They were three weeks in accomplishing their journey. When they reached Chicago, "we found so many mudholes with big signs up, 'No bottom here,' that father said he wouldn't be hired to live in such a place. Once the horse my mother drove went down in the quicksand almost to the ears, and men had to come with rails from the fences and pry him out."

When at last they reached Forest Home in Wisconsin, they had everything to build. They entered their house before it had either windows or door, but in time they made it the prize home of the whole country. Here Frances Willard lived from her seventh to her nineteenth year, with no neighbours within a mile, but with nature all around. Her parents were enthusiastic lovers of nature. Her mother early introduced her children to the poems of Coleridge, Cowper, Thomson, and Wordsworth, while the father was a kind of prairie Thoreau.

The time came, however, when the glorious freedom of the girl had to be exchanged for the restrained propriety of the young woman. It was a bitter moment. Miss Willard told me at Eastnor Castle last month, that on the whole, it was about the bitterest and blackest sorrow she had when she had to assume the regimentals of civilization. She wrote in her journal at the time:

"My 'back' hair is twisted up like a corkscrew; I carry eighteen hairpins; my head aches miserably; my feet are entangled in the skirt of my hateful new gown. I can never jump over a fence again as long as I live."

"Books that have Influenced Me."

In this home education, books naturally played a very considerable part. First and foremost there was of course, the Bible, which was read through every year at the regulation rate of three chapters a day and five on Sunday. Then there was the "Children's Pilgrim's Progress," "the sweetest book of my childhood." But the life-shaping book for her was a little fanatical Sunday-school Abolitionist book, entitled "The Slave's Friend." Miss Willard says:

"'The Slave's Friend,' that earliest book of all my reading, stamped upon me the purpose to help humanity, the sense of brotherhood, of all nations as really one, and of God as the equal Father of all races."

When she was eighteen she records that up to that time life had known no greater disappointment than the decision of her practical-minded mother that she should not study Greek. In that year the family removed to Evanston, the chief suburb of Chicago, where Miss Willard has been at home ever since. She broke

down from over-study before she graduated, but her indomitable will carried her through. She had an almost savage lust for learning, and she often rose at four, and more than once was found on the floor in dead sleep, with her face in Butler's "Analogy." When she was twenty she left college, determined to "earn my own living, pay my own way, and be of some use in the world."

Like most romantic school girls, whose thoughts do not turn to the predestined Prince Charming, she dreamed of incongruous destinies, and ultimately settled down to be a school teacher.

"I once thought I would like to be Queen Victoria's maid of honour; then that I wanted to go and live in Cuba; next I made up my mind that I would be an artist; next that I would be a mighty hunter of the prairies. But now, I suppose, I am to be a teacher—simply that and nothing more."

Of one thing she was quite sure—she would not stay at home and do nothing. Her father, who was well-to-do, and a member of the Legislature of Wisconsin, urged her to remain under the old rooftree. "Nobody," she said, "seems to need me at home. In my present position there is actually nothing I might do that I do not, except to sew a little and make cake."

> As life's alarums nearer roll,
> The ancestral buckler calls,
> Self-clanging from the halls
> In the high temple of the soul.

So by way of making a beginning she went out to be a school-marm when in her twenty-first year. From 1858 to 1874 she had thirteen separate seasons of teaching in eleven separate institutions and six different towns, her pupils in all numbering about two thousand.

Miss Willard, in 1868, made a two years' trip to Europe with Miss Kate Jackson, who defrayed the expense. They visited Egypt, the Holy Land, Russia, and all the rest of Europe.

But even while travelling for pleasure, she never forgot her obligations to her people at home. She brought home 800 photographs, and set up a kind of forerunner of the Magic Lantern Mission.

Miss Willard was thirty-five years old before she found her true vocation. All the first part of her life was but preparatory to the career on which she was now to be launched. College studies, European travel, and a dozen years spent in actual tuition, had equipped her admirably for the work that lay ready to her hand, but of which, even up to the last, she was utterly unaware.

Miss Willard was hereditarily disposed to temperance work. She began temperance work when seventeen years old:

"In 1855 I cut from my favourite *Youths' Cabinet*, the following pledge, and pasting it in our family Bible, insisted on its being signed by every member of the family—parents, brother, sister and self:

> A pledge we make no wine to take,
> Nor brandy red that turns the head,
> Nor fiery rum that ruins the home,

Nor brewer's beer, for that we fear,
And cider, too, will never do.
To quench our thirst we'll always bring
Cold water from the well or spring ;
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate."

Pentecost, 1873.

But a rude awakening was soon destined to shatter her idyllic dreams of a temperate society. There was, in 1873, as it were, a latter-day Pentecost, or outpouring of the Spirit on the women of the west. It was in Hillsboro', Ohio, when, after a lecture by Dr. Dio Lewis, Mrs. Judge Thompson, a delicate little woman of singular beauty and heroic soul, felt moved of the Spirit to begin the woman's crusade against the saloon. In her own house she read the Crusade Psalm (146), and then after much prayer-wrestling and inward heartbreak, she fared forth to her church, where she communicated her sacred enthusiasm to other women, and then two and two they started out to pray the saloon down. The movement thus begun spread like wildfire through Ohio. The praying women literally besieged the rum shops with prayer and the singing of psalms and hymns. If they could hold their prayer-meetings inside the saloon, they did so; if not, they knelt on the pavement. All other engagements were postponed to the prosecution of this sacred war. A revival of religion followed the attack on the saloons. Thousands signed the pledge and professed conversion. For a time the liquor traffic was suppressed in two hundred and fifty towns and villages in Ohio and the neighbouring States.

Since Savanarola made his famous bonfire in Florence of the pomps and vanities of his worldling penitents, there have been few scenes more dramatically illustrative of the triumph of moral enthusiasm over the fleshly lusts which war against the soul than this same temperance crusade.

The church bells pealed in the steeples and the sound of jubilant thanksgiving rose from the street, as the crusading ladies were besought by the penitent publican to stave in casks of liquor and empty the contents into the gutter. No wonder that "men say there was a spirit in the air such as they never knew before; a sense of God and of human brotherhood," which was not to pass away without bearing fruit.

The Divine Call.

Of course there was a reaction. The women could not camp *en permanence* at the doors of the saloons. The mere attempt to enforce Sunday closing in Chicago led to the immediate repeal amid a violent outburst of mob savagery of the Sunday closing law. This, however, was the best thing that happened to the temperance cause, for it was this temporary triumph of the liquor sellers that brought Miss Willard and her "White Ribbon Army" on the field. From that time she had been an Apostle of Temperance. She had addressed missionary meetings and had spoken

on educational subjects, and she was asked to speak at a midday "crusaders' meeting" in Chicago. She consented, and soon found herself in the heat of the fray. When she resigned her position at the university, she went east and began to devote herself to the work of Gospel Temperance. She went to Maine and saw Neal Dow; to Boston, and saw Dr. Dio Lewis. Her life lay before her. A New York ladies' school offered her the principalship with a large salary. She had no means of subsistence save her profession. But her soul longed to be in the field of temperance evangelization. An invitation came from Chicago to take the presidency of the Woman's Temperance Society there, but it was unaccompanied by any offer of salary. How was she to live? Then she remembered the text, "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Her mind was made up. She declined the New York appointment, and became president of the Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

In Apostolic Poverty.

Miss Willard, when asked if she wanted money, because if she did the Society would try to get some, replied, "Oh, that will be all right." She said to herself, "I am just going to pray, to work, and to trust God." Her salary was nothing per annum, paid quarterly. She starved on it, but worked away all the same, and for several months went hungry and penniless. It was in this way that the foundations were laid:

"I had some pretty rings, given me in other days by friends and pupils; these I put off and never have resumed them; also my watch chain, for I would have no striking contrast between these poor people and myself. To share my last dime with some famished-looking man or woman was a pure delight. Indeed, my whole life has not known a more lovely period. I communed with God; I dwelt in the Spirit; this world had nothing to give me, nothing to take away."

It was in this period of impecuniosity that she was so uplifted in soul as to declare: "I haven't a cent in the world, but all the same I own Chicago." She was full of plans for helping the hungry. She proposed to start a workhouse, where the homeless, dinnerless out-of-works could render an equivalent of food and lodging; but the wise men shook their heads, and nothing was done. She went on preaching, teaching, holding prayer-meetings, visiting, organizing—her hands running over with Christian work, until at last from overwork and underfeeding she collapsed with rheumatic fever.

Then her brave, sensible old mother, having her headstrong daughter now at an advantage, gave her a very much needed piece of admonition. "You are flying in the face of Providence," she said. "The labourer is worthy of his hire; they that preach the Gospel shall live by the Gospel. This is the law and the prophets from St. Paul down to you."

"God isn't going to start loaves of bread flying down chimney, nor set the

fire going in my stove without fuel. I shall soon see the bottom of my flour barrel and coal bin. You are out at the elbows, down at the heel, and sick, too. Now, write to those good temperance ladies a plain statement of facts, and tell them that you have made the discovery that God works by means, and they may help you if they like."

Miss Willard obeyed, and immediately she was provided with funds, and no mortal has ever been more tenderly cared for by her comrades. In the autumn was founded the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Created in order to preserve the fruits of Crusade victory, it was "the sober second thought of that unparalleled uprising." Miss Willard was appointed National Secretary, and applied herself diligently to the work of organization.

Temperance and Woman's Suffrage.

It was in the autumn of that year (1875) that Miss Willard's eyes were opened to the wider bearings of the temperance cause. But for this the movement with which she was associated would have counted for as little among the world's forces as do most others. But Miss Willard, with her sound political instinct, no sooner addressed herself to grapple with the evil of intemperance than she discovered that the key to success lay in the extension of full citizenship to women. There have been temperance reformers before Miss Willard, and women suffragists also. But Miss Willard was the first to recognize that the two causes are as the left and right hands of moral reform, and that the temperance men who refuse to enfranchise women elect to go into battle with their right hands tied behind their backs.

The time had not come then. It came in the spring of 1876, when Miss Willard, the Secretary of the National W.C.T.U., was by herself alone one Sunday morning, preparing for a service, by Bible reading and prayer, in the town of Columbus, Ohio—an auspicious name:

"Upon my knees, alone in the room of my hostess, who was a veteran crusader, there was borne in upon my mind, as I believe from loftier regions, the declaration, "You are to speak for woman's ballot, as a weapon of protection to her home and tempted loved ones from the tyranny of drink," and then for the first and only time in my life there flashed through my brain in an instant a complete line of argument and illustration."

She was not disobedient to the summons. From 1876 forward she has never failed to deliver her message and to enforce its lesson. The new dogma was met, like all new truths, by determined opposition. The first president of the Union peremptorily forbade Miss Willard even to mention the subject at the convention. At Newark it was, in face of earnest, almost tearful, pleading of her friends, that she made her deliverance on the subject at a temperance convention. The chairman repudiated all responsibility, and told her at the close, "You might have been a leader, but now you'll be only a scout." So blind and dull are even the best informed and best disposed when confronted with the new truth.

After this Miss Willard, hoping thereby to help the White Ribbon movement, took a spell as assistant with Moody, the evangelist, in Boston. She severed her connection with him on a question of principle. Moody objected to Miss Willard appearing on a temperance platform side by side with Unitarians. She dared not refuse the co-operation of any who were willing to help because their shibboleths differed.

Miss Willard then began a systematic visitation of the whole American continent. Since 1878 she has addressed meetings in every town in the Union of 10,000 inhabitants, and in most of those with 5,000. In ten years, 1878-88, she averaged but three weeks a year at home, and she addressed an average of one meeting every day during the whole of that period. There is probably no other living person who can claim to have covered the States as she has done. She worked in the entire forty-four States and five Territories in one year, travelling with her friend, Miss Anna Gordon, thirty thousand miles by rail, river and stage. Nothing interfered with her propagandist zeal. Such energy could not fail to tell. Wherever Miss Willard went she coupled temperance reform and woman's suffrage, and soon the opposition to the latter began to melt away even in the convention.

Of Miss Willard in her personal relations to her friends and relatives, to the men who have adored her, and the women who have loved her, I have unfortunately not left myself space to speak. In all her human relations, alike in the affairs of the heart and the affairs of the home, Miss Willard has been intensely womanly and therefore intensely human. She has got the idea of motherhood more deeply impressed on her brain than have most mothers, and she has also grasped the idea that, as women must have a larger place in the State, man must have a larger place in the home. "Motherhood will not be less, but fatherhood will be a hundredfold more magnified. To say this is to declare the approaching beatitude of men."

Miss Willard, it must be admitted, even by her enemies, is intensely human. She is a child of nature as well as of grace. She is as broad in her religious beliefs as Dean Stanley, as fervent in her evangelicalism as Mr. Moody. Naturally sceptical, she is a devout believer and an intensely interested inquirer into all manifestations of psychical marvels which promise to supply a scientific basis to the belief in another world. She has a keen sense of humour—perhaps of all qualities the most indispensable. She has only one conspicuous drawback. She has never been married. But she has lived in the midst of family life. Her centre has ever been a home, not a barracks, a church, or a cell. She has loved passionately, suffered bitterly, and triumphed marvellously over a host of difficulties which love, disguised as jealousy, has sown around her path. She is free from all the unworthy and unnatural carping at man which characterizes some advanced women. She is, in short, more admirably qualified than any other living woman to be the leader and director of this great new force which is influencing the world.

So obvious does this appear that it is doubtful whether the time has not come to recognize that the union which she has helped create is bidding fair to realize more closely the ideal of the Church of God in America than any of the more distinctively ecclesiastical organizations can claim to be.

Miss Willard has ever been a great advocate for utilizing the churches. She said a few years ago:

> I have long thought that the spectacle of well-nigh a hundred thousand church edifices closed, except at brief intervals when meetings were in progress, was a travesty of the warm-hearted Gospel of our Lord; and I rejoice to see that, just as woman's influence grows stronger in the Church, those doors stay open longer, that industrial schools, bands of hope, church kindergartens, reading-rooms, and the like, may open up their founts of healing, and "put a light in the window for thee, brother."

The time will come when these gates of Gospel grace shall stand open night and day, while women's heavenly ministries shall find their central home within God's house, the natural shrine of human brotherhood in action, as well as human brotherhood in theory.

Of Miss Willard's hearty sympathy with every progressive movement, there is no need to speak. Her absorbing idea for many years has been the combination of the labour, the temperance and the woman's party. The W. C. T. U. is strong for arbitration as against strikes, for shortened hours of labour, and for all that humanizes and elevates the workmen. It is all for peace, for purity, and for the elevation of the standard of beauty and of comfort in the homes of the people.

The organization has long ago proved its right to exist and its power to work. In the course of its existence the W. C. T. U. has collected no fewer than ten million signatures to petitions in favour of prohibition. They have succeeded in making scientific instruction concerning the physiological law of temperance an indispensable study in all the public schools in thirty-eight out of the forty-four States and territories, and they have compelled many unwilling legislatures to raise the age of consent and to strengthen the legislative safeguards against the corruption of youth. They have successfully promoted laws against the sale of cigarettes to boys, and they have lost no chance of strengthening the law and invigorating public opinion on the subject of one day's rest in seven. They have instituted a journal which has now a circulation of seventy-five thousand a week, for the general propaganda of their views. The Woman's Temperance Publishing Company issues every year for the press no fewer than 130 million pages of printed matter, all directed to the promotion of the objects of the union. They have covered the whole of the States and Canada with their organization, so that in every county there is to be found at least one woman who undertakes to see to it that the cause in all its manifold ramifications is properly represented, and that no opportunity is lost whenever an opening occurs for striking a blow or saying a word for temperance, purity, peace and the woman's right to citizenship.

The National Union has 10,000 auxiliaries in the United States, and the World's W. C. T. U. now extends to the furthest corner of the civilized world. Already its emissaries meet us in Africa, in India, in Australia, and the islands of the sea.

In England, as is well known, these forces are led by Lady Henry Somerset. The organization stands for womanhood throughout the world and, therefore, for manhood. It is a great modernized variant of the Society of Jesus without its despotism, dedicated to the service not of any hierarchy, but to the elevation and emancipation and education of the mothers of the race that is yet to be born. The woman's temperance work was the first force that linked together the South and the North after the Civil War in America, and it is at present one of the few organizations that works without a break through the whole English-speaking world. It makes for unity everywhere, and is a great school and university in which one-half the race are trained in the duties of citizenship and their responsibilities to the race. The Women's Temperance Temple, the handsomest and one of the largest buildings in Chicago, is the headquarters of an organization whose influence radiates out to the uttermost ends of the world.

"In my thoughts," said Miss Willard, "I always liken the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to Joan of Arc, whom God raised up for France, and who, in spite of their muscle and their military prowess, beat the English and crowned her king! But evermore she heard and heeded heavenly voices, and God grant that we may hear and heed them evermore."

Amen and Amen! In the case of Miss Willard herself, that prayer has not been in vain. Even if her work ceased now, instead of being but on the threshold of its vaster range, she would have afforded a signal example of how much one woman can accomplish who has faith and fears not.—*Review of Reviews.*

MY WORLD—A MISSIONARY MEDITATION.

BY REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

Myself am so little and lonely,
As I gaze in the God-man's face,
That I shudder to think of me only
As wrapped in His great embrace.

My family, my friends, and my churches
Are circling wavelets wide,
But in these my heart vainly searches
For the shores of Love's great tide.

Christ's heart throbs of true fellow-feeling,
As wand beats are leading to-day,
Earth's orchestra rich and loud-pealing
Where the pipings of self die away.

My World! O sublime inspiration!
'Tis a vision wondrous fair,
Of a limitless Christ-born relation:
"God bless my world," is its prayer.

Plattsville, Ont.

TENNYSON'S INDEBTEDNESS TO THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE, D.D.

It is one of the anomalies of modern education that so little attention is paid in our schools of learning to the careful study of the sacred Scriptures. While our boys and girls are accurately instructed in the literature of Greece and Rome, they are, in the vast majority of cases, sent out into the world with no proper acquaintance with the incomparable literature, which has been preserved and bequeathed to us in the collection of oriental writings known as the Bible. The practical exclusion of the sacred Scriptures, as a text book, from our secular colleges and universities admits of slight defence. The morals which these writings inculcate are confessedly of the highest order. Their historical value is certainly superior to that of Grecian and Roman classics.

But it is as a literature that they should be included in the *curriculum* of any high class university. I do not ask that they be taught as inspired writings. It may not be required that they be used as the text book in ethics. But, in the interests of higher education itself, it may surely be demanded that in every college or university there shall be a professor of sacred literature, the most scholarly man obtainable, lay or clerical (the only stipulation being that he is not a foe of the Bible but that he handle it reverently), whose duty it shall be not to teach any system of theology, or even any system of ethics, but to teach the Bible as a literature, without prejudice in favour of or against the volume as a code of morals or a guide to heaven.

Is it feared that the book, which we as Christians so much love, would suffer by such a method of examination? I am thankful that my faith in the Bible is too strong to admit of the indulgence of such a fear. Rather would it win for the blessed volume a larger and more intelligent love, and prepare the way for a wider and ever-increasing sphere of usefulness.

It gives me great satisfaction to quote in this connection the words of one to whose judgment the readers of this magazine will pay glad respect. Matthew Arnold has reminded us that "only one literature there is, one great literature, for which the people have had a preparation—the literature of the Bible." In view of this fact he writes:

"Therefore I have so often insisted, in reports to the Education Department, on the need, if from this point of view only, for the Bible in schools for the people. If poetry, philosophy, and eloquence, if what we call in one word letters, are a power, and a beneficent, wonder-working power, in education, through the Bible only have the people much chance of getting at poetry, philosophy, and eloquence. Perhaps I may here quote what I have at former times said: 'Chords of power are touched by this instruction which no other part of the instruction in a popular school reaches; and chords various, not the single religious chord only. The Bible is for the

child in an elementary school almost his only contact with poetry and philosophy. What a course of eloquence and poetry (to call it by that name alone) is the Bible in a school which has and can have but little eloquence and poetry! and how much do our elementary schools lose by not having any such course as part of their school programme. All who value the Bible may rest assured that thus to know and possess the Bible is the most certain way to extend the power and efficacy of the Bible.'"

These views are strikingly corroborated by a study of the writings of our best known and most admired English authors. I often think of the Bible as the gulf-stream of literature. The indebtedness of our great writers, as Macaulay, Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, and even of our great novelists, as Dickens, George Eliot, and many others, to the sacred Scriptures, is as clearly traceable as the course of the Gulf Stream along the coasts of Europe. Let us therefore insist upon a course of study in sacred literature as part of the mental furniture of our young men and maidens in attendance upon our schools of learning.

I desire to illustrate the benefit of that for which I plead, by placing before the readers of the MAGAZINE a few examples of the indebtedness of Lord Tennyson to the Word of Life, for many of the most striking and beautiful portions of his poetical works.

Among Tennyson's earliest poems is a brief one addressed to a friend, whose name is withheld. The last stanza, suggesting a comparison with one of Wesley's grandest Scriptural poems, reads thus:

"Weak Truth, a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch
Those writhéd limbs of lightning speed;
Like that strange angel which of old,
Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wandering Israel,
Past Yabbok brook, the livelong night,
And heaven's mazéd signs stood still
In the dim tract of Penuel."

An exquisite poem, also a brief one, entitled "The Deserted House," contains a verse, the force and beauty of which are derived from the inspiration of the New Testament:

"Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!"

It is almost superfluous to indicate the important contribution, which both Old and New Testament tropes make to the beauty of the familiar poem, "The May Queen." But for their own sake two stanzas may be quoted:

"He taught me all the mercy, for He show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:

"Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me. . . .

"For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"In Memoriam" is saturated with Scriptural allusions and figures. What noble testimony to Christ we have in these lines:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

"Thine are these orbs of light and shade
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

It is in the same poem that our author describes the visit of love which Mary paid to Jesus, when she anointed Him, all unconsciously to herself, for His burial:

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
No other thought her mind admits,
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

"Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face
And rests upon the Life indeed.

"All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down with gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears."

I need not repeat here the familiar song, so aptly illustrating the theme of this paper, which occurs in "The Idylls of the King," beginning:

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!"

Almost as well-known as the novice's song, are the words of comfort which Tennyson puts into the lips of Enoch Arden, as he is about to set forth upon his last voyage:

"Cast all your care on God: that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? If I flee to these
Can I go from Him? And the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

The report of the sermon, occurring in "Aylmer's Field," founded upon the text, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!" is a marked illustration of the free use, growing out of an intimate acquaintance, which Tennyson makes of Biblical themes:

> "Friends, I was bid to speak of such a one
> By those who most have cause to sorrow for her—
> Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
> Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,
> Fair as the Angel that said, 'Hail!' she seemed,
> Who entering fill'd the house with sudden light. . . .
>
> "For she walk'd,
> Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,
> Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!"

Lord Tennyson's later poems possess this same characteristic, and are distinguished by this same evident indebtedness to the sacred writings. In "Harold" there is reference to the truth that

> "The Lord was God and came as man. . . .
>
> "Like the great King of all,
> A light among the oxen."

In that somewhat bitter poem, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," we have a pleasing tribute to Christ, and a bit of wise counsel:

> "Follow yon Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine,
> Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine."

From this very same poem, well characterized by one of Tennyson's most appreciative students,* as "sad enough in its lament for broken dreams, dark with the gloom of declining years, when the grass-hopper has become a burden and desire has failed and the weary heart has grown afraid of that which is high," we select the line:

> "Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest of the great."

Perhaps few of Tennyson's brief poems surpass for pathos and beauty that entitled, "In the Children's Hospital," in which the laureate makes the nurse tell the story of Emmie, the sweet little patient who dreads the approaching operation, that is to be performed by one of those surgeons, who, in the opinion of the nurse,

> "Would break their jests on the dead,
> And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee."

The doctor, happily an exception to the rule, as we gladly believe, is a disbeliever.

> "Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
> But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
> Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seemed out of its place—

*Henry Van Dyke in "The Poetry of Tennyson." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case.
And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case—he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, 'The lad will need little more of your care.'
'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer ;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own ;'
But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?'
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say,
'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had His day.'

"Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by-and-by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
But that He said, 'Ye do it to Me when ye do it to these'?"

Emmie was one of the dearest of children.

"Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years."

She was so fond of flowers, too.

"How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd,
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field ;
Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of the Spring."

Poor Emmie heard what the new doctor had said of Jesus, He "has had His day."

"I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I returned to the ward ; the child didn't see I was there. . . .

"Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
'He says I shall never live thro' it. O Annie, what shall I do?'
Annie considered. 'If I,' said the wise little Annie, 'was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: "'Little children should come to me."'
(Meaning the print that you gave us ; I find that it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about His knees.)
'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie ; 'but then if I call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!'
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she considered and said :
'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—
The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it Him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane.' . . .

"He had brought his ghastly tools ; we believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane ;
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away."

Well has Hugh Price Hughes said of this poem and of its author:

"No one but a Christian could have written that poem, or have taught us the utter nonsense of any doctor or man of science saying that Christ has had His day. When shall we have any one to save us as Christ has saved us. He is the hope of this life and of the life to come. Thank God that one of the greatest Englishmen of our time was not ashamed to write that pathetic story."

I must deny myself the luxury of multiplying illustrations of

my theme. Nothing could be easier than to fill many pages with extracts from Tennyson's published writings bearing evident traces of his indebtedness to the Bible for the inspiration of his sweetest songs and most enduring verses. I close with Dr. Van-Dyke's graceful tribute, written before Lord Tennyson's death:

"Is it possible for wise and earnest men to look with indifference upon the course of what is often called, with a slighting accent, 'mere *belles lettres*'? We might as well be careless about the air we breathe or the water we drink. Malaria is no less fatal than pestilence. The chief peril which threatens the permanence of Christian faith and morals is none other than the malaria of modern letters—an atmosphere of dull, heavy, faithless materialism. Into this narcotic air, the poetry of Tennyson blows like a pure wind from a loftier and serener height, bringing life and joy. His face looks out upon these darkening days—grave, strong, purified by conflict, lighted by the inward glow of faith. He is become as one of the prophets—a witness for God and for immortality."

MONTREAL, Que.

CHRISTOFERO COLOMBO.*

BY MRS. MARY S. ROBINSON.

BACK in the ages Christ was borne
Across the flood, by rugged saint.
Back in the centuries, Christ-over!
Thou, too, didst bear the Lord
Across a flood unplowed
Till thou didst urge thy venturous keel.
Across the flood, from shore to shore,
In toil and pain, with shoulder bent
Thy burden thou didst bear.

Christ-over Dove, no bird of ravening eye
And rending beak did give thee name.
The type of gentle, faithful love and pure,
The type of that meek Spirit who consoles,
That name was given thee and thy sire
To sound through all the Christian years to come.

Is yet a world beneath the stars? asked one
Who floated on a sky-bound sea. Behold,
He sent abroad the dove, who day
And night pursued her lonely way,
And tidings brought of shores fresh, green and fair,
Unsoiled of sin. So thou, Genoan dove,
Didst tread thy deck through weary, rolling hours,
And brought from far to men incredulous
Sprays from a world of purity and calm.

Christ-over Dove! Well-named wast thou!
And blessed the world found out by thee,
To whose calm shores was borne the Christ;
To whom has come the dove from Heaven,
Restoring Edens to the earth,
And hopes and promises, not all fulfilled,
Of righteousness and holiness,
Of heavens new and earth regenerate,
God's peace and glory over all.

* Colombo signifies a dove.

ICONOCLASM IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.

BY W. A. QUAYLE, D.D.,

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THERE is an epoch in ecclesiastical history known as the war of the iconoclasts; but that was only an embodiment of what had transpired before and what has occurred often since. Iconoclasm is a bias of humanity. It grows out of the constitution of man. He is by heredity a breaker of images. If this view is not fictitious, we must not be surprised if there are developments of this spirit in our era or any era. It is a perennial reappearance. Whether it come in religion, statecraft, economic science, or literature, can be of little moment. The fact is the matter of paramount importance.

Christianity was the iconoclast which broke in pieces the image of decrepit polytheism, and hewed out a way where progress might march to fulfil her splendid destiny. Luther was the iconoclast whose giant strokes demolished the castle doors of Romish superstition, and broke to fragments the images of Mariolatry. The practical induction of Bacon, Earl of Verulam, was the death warrant of the fruitless deductive philosophy which had culminated in the vagaries of scholasticism. It is thus evident that iconoclasm abounds; and there will be no marvel if it have a place in literature.

Innovation is a practical synonym of iconoclasm; for an innovation is putting the new in the place of the old. In ancient literature and literatures, prose was an innovation as regards poetry; and later, rhyme was an innovation in the domain of poesy, and an innovation of such sort that against it the master poet, Milton, lifted up his voice in solemn protest, and the solitary epic in English literature is a perpetual protestation against the custom. Shakespeare was an innovator of the laws of the drama when he violated the unities of time and place; and, in a sense, the drama was an innovation in narrative poetry; and the novel an iconoclast in its attitude toward the drama.

The iconoclasm in literature in our time is objective rather than subjective; and attention to the spirit of the age will give a practical comprehension of the character of this iconoclastic spirit.

It must be observed that the literature of an age is largely the product of that age. Times create literatures. The literature of any period will, in an emphatic sense, be directly and easily traceable to something in that age for its peculiarity.

The Iliad and Odyssey were necessities of the age which gave them birth. In so far as a literature is purely human, in so far will it be stamped with the seal of the times, customs, and thoughts in the midst of which it bloomed into beauty. In early Greek times an epic, without its gods and demi-gods, without resounding battle shout and din of mighty conflict, had been an anachronism for which there could have been offered no apology. The splendid

era of Pericles demanded the tragedy and such a tragedy as only Æschylus and Sophocles could originate; while the foibles of an earlier era made the comedy imperative. On like principles the writings of Lucretius are not enigmatical but easy of explanation.

The age which made possible the revels of Kenilworth, made possible also the splendour like that of setting suns which characterizes the Faerie Queen. And the prowess, the achievement, the discovery, the colonization, the high tide of life which ran like lightning through the nation's arteries, made the drama not only a possibility but a fact. It was the embodiment of the mighty activities of a mighty age. The tragedy, to use the splendid figure of Milton, "rose like an exhalation." A solitary lifetime brought it from sunrise to high noon; and from that hour what could the sun do but sink?

Our century is one of iconoclasm. It is the Ishmael among the ages. Its hand is against every man. It has reversed the old-time order that what was believed by our fathers and received by them should be received by us. It takes no truth second-hand. It goes to sources. Its motto is, "I came, I saw, I investigated." It found many things believed of old, which were founded on the sand. Physical science discovered the vast domain of physical law; and that science began to legislate for the universe, forgetting sometimes that it was not a law enactor but a law discoverer. Investigation found that many ideas and systems of ideas, supposed philosophies and sciences, were false and unsubstantial as the "baseless fabric of a vision." Things received as truth from time immemorial were shown to be untrue. The tendency of the human intellect is to generalize; and finding many previously received systems and facts to be without evidence sufficient to substantiate them, there arose the unwilled generalization that all these systems are likewise false. I do not say that man has formulated this thought into speech, but that the trend of the intellect in our century has been such as is explicable only on this theory. In many instances the motto of investigation in the domain of history, criticism and science has been, "Believe all things false until you prove them true." If such is the spirit of the age, and if literature be coloured with the light of the century which produces it, shall we wonder if the nineteenth century literature is distinctively an iconoclastic one?

All about us is the battle of the books. War rages along the entire line. No work of antiquity is free from this belligerency. Mars has the field. The investigation has been crucial. In so far as it has been learning coupled with wisdom, this is well. Truth never flinches before the charge of a wise investigation. But no truth can stand as such before a system of inquiry, the canons of which are wholly empirical, fallacious and false. The task of demolition is a fascinating one. It possesses a charm impossible to explain and impossible also to fail to perceive. When one has a taste, it is as much as with the tiger which has tasted blood. Such procedure seems to open infinite vistas before men. Here

are open doors from behind which seems to come a voice crying "enter."

It will be chronologically accurate if we shall first notice the iconoclastic spirit as exemplified in the attack on the unity of the Iliad; and I class this with the nineteenth century doings because it belongs to the spirit of that century and was almost within its borders. The Iliad had been the glory of the international literature for centuries. Greece held it in veneration from the beginning of its authentic history; and the work had blazed with a solar lustre out of the darkness of prehistoric times. The book had made an epoch in literature. The cyclic poets who, for centuries after the appearance of the Iliad and Odyssey, were the only Greek bards, were confessedly disciples of one Homer, the reputed author of the poems which embody the fact of a war of the races.

The judgment of antiquity was, (*a*) These two works were to be ascribed to a single author; (*b*) This author was the master at whose wave of wand these revels had begun. In other words, Homer wrote the books which bear his name. However much they might discuss the location of the half-fabled Ilium, or marvel over the battles fought "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy," it was not doubted that a sublime and solitary bard conceived and wrought the wondrous work ascribed to him. It is not shown that this question was even mooted in the former times. Cities contended for the honour of having given this man birth. He was as much a verity as Pericles.

Such was the status of the case when our century beheld it first. Bentley had hinted at the probability or possibility of separate authorship; but it remained for German criticism in the person of Wolf to make the onslaught on the time-honoured belief. The attack was as impetuous as the charge of the Greeks across the plain of the Scamander. It astonished the world. It abashed scholarship. Grave philosophers and gifted poets were carried away in the rush of the attack. Goethe gave and Schiller withheld allegiance. The atomist and separatist for a time held the field. Wolf showed by reasoning, which he deemed irrefutable, that the Iliad could not have been composed by a single man. Writing did not exist. The story had many repetitions, contradictions and inferiorities. Later, the philological argument was used against it. These statements summarize the Wolfian theory. The contrariety in dialect form was thought to be an invulnerable argument against the unity of authorship; and for a time the epic of the ancient world was declared to be the work of many hands, the ballads sung by rhapsodists of many names; and the Iliad with its astonishing display of genius was declared to be authorless.

Less than a century has elapsed since the theory was propounded. The subject has received a wealth of attention and study unknown before. Discoveries have been made in philology which have practically raised it to the rank of a science; and to-day the atomistic theory of Wolf is not received. Grote and Mahaffy have theories which vary markedly from the great original; and the

result of a century of investigation is that scholars do now generally believe that some one author, or two, at most, did give shape to the great epic of the Greek people. Wolf, Lachmann, and Bert have shown the follies of men of genius when pursuing a line of evidence to prove a favourite theory. Their assumptions are often absurd, and their conclusions, once admitting their premises, are a logical necessity. The spirit of iconoclasm rested not with the authority of the book, but assailed the geographic and topographical features. Troy was declared a dream. The Trojan war had never been; but Schlieman has proven to virtual demonstration the existence of not only a Troy, but the Troy about which Hector and Achilles fought.

This iconoclasm has nowhere more fully displayed itself than in its attitude toward the Bible. That book comes properly under the head of literature, and specially does it in a discussion such as this, for the reason that the general line of attack during this century has been made from a literary standpoint. Of course there has always been, whether easily discoverable or not, an undertone of scepticism of the rank sort. Oftentimes the battle has been avowedly against the book as a professed inspiration. Strauss and Renan made no cloak for their deed. But in many instances the method of procedure has been to study, as under a calcium light, the literary style, the linguistic peculiarities, the whole work as a literary composition. In this regard the method of criticism was such as was used in dissecting Homer's works. Each author laid down canons of criticism by which to measure the book in question. He cut the work into fragments. He stated such and such parts were the work of an early writer, while certain others were the additions of men unknown, far removed in time and place. For the most part, these assumptions were wholly arbitrary, as may be seen by reading the authors on the various books.

The thing which is the most observable is their lack of agreement, while the method used is the dogmatic. They all agree that the book is not of the date nor authorship usually assigned to it, but what the date and who the author is very seldom agreed between any two. The criticism is largely of the *ipse dixit* sort, and the grounds of attack are, though rationalistic, seldom rationally taken. In the vaunted name of reason the most monstrous absurdities are perpetrated. The line of argument professed to be used is inductive; but in reality the inductive element in this criticism stands second, and the deductive element has the chief seat in the synagogue. The assumption in the case, the *a priori sine qua non* (without which nothing), these are the all-important elements in the discussion. It is the Homeric argument restated. Each man professes to find his hypothesis in the structure and language of the book. In fact, the author usually began with his hypothesis, and seeks to find proofs for the staying his assumptions up.

The Scriptures are open to investigation. They challenge it. No one need offer an objection to the most scrutinizing enquiry. The book is here, and must stand upon its merits. Its high claims

need not deter scholarship from its investigation. Only, to use the language of Bishop Butler in regard to another matter, "let reason be kept to." If we are to be regaled with flights of imagination, let them be thus denominated; but let men not profess to be following the leadership of scholarship and scientific candour, when they are in reality dealing in imagination and scientific dogmatism, and appealing to philology to give them much needed support. After these years of attack, from a literary standpoint, the books of the Bible are less affected than the Iliad.

The atomist has signally failed to make a single case. Iconoclasm has performed its task as best it could, and finds its labour lost. The criticism of to-day is, even in Germany, professedly in favour of the integrity of the Scriptures.

But I pass to another part of the literary field—from the Bible to Shakespeare. This, at first thought, may seem a long journey. There appears but little congruity between the two. The only needed connection is the similarity of attack. The same spirit has whetted his sword against each; but the lack of similarity is more apparent than real. The Bible is God's exhibit of human nature and its relation to the divine personality and plans. Shakespeare is man's profoundest exhibit of man in his relation to present and future. The fields are the same. They differ in extent. The profoundness of Shakespeare seems a shoreward shallow when viewed alongside the Bible.

The Bible and Shakespeare have a further similarity, not one of character but of result. Each has been a potential factor in securing the stability of the English language. They each present the noble possibilities of the speech of the Anglo-Saxon. Each has left its indelible impress on speech and literature. Kossuth's mastery of English is by him attributed to the Bible, Shakespeare, and Webster's dictionary. These were his sole masters, and sufficed to give him a command of English which ranks him among the princes of our English speech.

That the authorship of the Iliad and the books of the Bible should be attacked is cause for little surprise. They were works of antiquity. It is an observable tendency of the mind to doubt a thing far removed in time. We lose sight of evidence. We dispense with the leadership of reason and let inclination and imagination guide. This is a bias which antiquity must meet, and, if it may, master. If the Iliad and the Bible were vulnerable in this regard, Shakespeare was not. He was a modern. His thought is neither ancient nor mediæval. He has the characteristics of modern life, begotten of the hot-blooded era in which he lived. The modern Shakespeare is a target for the iconoclast. It seems but a stone's cast from our time to the reign of Elizabeth and the day of the English drama. The time was one of action in every department of society. Conquest, colonization, literature, were beginning to render the Saxon name illustrious. It was the epoch of chivalry and chivalrous procedure, such as to create a species of literature and bring it to a perfection which half

wrested the sceptre of supremacy from the hand of the Attic tragedy.

In this literature there is a name which dwarfs all others. Otway, Ford, Massinger, Webster, Ben Johnson, Green, and Marlowe (some of these, men of surprising genius), must take a lower place, for the master of revels is come. William Shakespeare is here. His life is not lengthily, but plainly writ. He might have said as did Tennyson's Ulysses, "I am become a name." It would seem that a man at such a time, with such a reputation would have naught to fear from iconoclasm, however fierce. He, in a sense, was known as Raleigh or Essex were not. He has put himself into human history and made the world his debtor. That the existence of a man whose personality was admitted by his contemporaries, and against whom fellow-poets railed in jealous verse—that the existence of such a man should be called into question, seems a hyperbole too great for credence. Yet so it is. A host has arisen which declares that the Shakespeare of literature never lived. His contemporaries believed in him. Stories concerning him haunt the by-ways of London and literature. Ben Johnson paid him a tardy tribute. Men received him as they received Chaucer. But the spirit of the age finds him vulnerable. Delia Bacon, Smith, O'Connor, Holmes, and Donnelly are leaders who deny Shakespeare's identity.

I may note specially Donnelly, an American gentleman of research and painstaking which would be creditable to a German scholar. He must be allowed to be a man of ingenuity. His method of discovering that Shakespeare was not himself has all the flavour of an invention. It glitters not with generalities but ingenuities. A sample page of his folio covered with hieroglyphics which mark the progress of finding the cipher which he thinks the plays contain, such sample page is certainly a marvel even to the generation which has read with avidity "Robert Elsmere" and "Looking Backward." A peculiarity in it all is that his explanation makes the marvellous doubly so. To believe that a man should have hidden his authorship of such works as the plays of Shakespeare, makes a draught on the credulity of men too great to be borne. Why Junius should not have revealed himself is not difficult to discover. His life was at stake. But why the author of the "Tempest," or "King Lear," or "The Merchant of Venice," should have concealed his personality so carefully that three centuries have elapsed before man could discover it—this is an enigma no man can solve.

In general it is objected by non-believers in Shakespeare that it is impossible to conceive of a man whose rearing possessed so few advantages as did that of Shakespeare, having written the plays attributed to him. This is really the strong point in the whole discussion. All other arguments are subordinate. It is admitted that it does seem impossible for the poacher, the wild country lad, to become the poet pre-eminent in English literature; but this question is not to be decided by *a priori* reasoning. The genius displayed in the dramatic works under consideration is

little less than miraculous. This all concede. Now, history has shown that to genius there is a sense in which "all things are possible." Genius can cross the Alps, can conquer Europe, can dumbfound the world. Genius knows no rules. Once allow genius and the problem is solved.

It is conceded that for a common man or even for one of exceptional ability to have acquired without help the learning which characterizes the works of Shakespeare, is impossible. But the man who wrote "Hamlet" was no mediocre, be he Bacon or Shakespeare. He was a superlative genius. This fact admitted, we need have no difficulty with the problem. It becomes a question a child can answer. The "myriad-minded Shakespeare" could do what to an ordinary or even extraordinary man would be an absolute impossibility. One critic discovers Shakespeare to be a musician, another, a classical scholar, and so he has been claimed in almost every field. He was not all. So critics confound us. They also confound themselves. The genius which could write the plays, could master all these though he squandered his youth.

Let the history of genius guide us from the labyrinth. Was not Cæsar orator, general, historian and statesmen? Was not Napoleon the same? Does not genius destroy all demonstrations with reference to itself? Do not Pascal, Euler, DaVinci, and Angelo confound us? How dare we dogmatize as to the doings of genius! Read Shakespeare and find you cannot discover the character of the man. You cannot in his writings read his interior life. David Copperfield may display Dickens, the Byronic poems may give us the author's autobiography, and Shelley's writings may give a photograph of his intellectual self; but Shakespeare's plays give no clue to his character. He is all. He grovels in Falstaff; he towers in Prospero. He smites all strings that have music in them. He baffles us like a spirit hiding himself in darkness. To attribute the authorship of the plays to Bacon is, to my thought, not to rid us of difficulty, but rather to increase it. Bacon we know. He was jurist, statesman, natural philosopher. Add to these the possibility of his having written Shakespeare, and the magnificence of his achievement would dwarf that of Shakespeare. Space forbids dwelling on this longer, though the theme is fascinating to any lover of letters. The thought in this paper (and that goes without the saying) is not to discuss thoroughly these various phases of literary iconoclasm, but rather to call attention to them and to co-ordinate them. I desired to show that these phases of criticism were not difficult of explanation. They are natural, and are the outgrowth of an image-breaking age. Study the age; understand it thoroughly; and the literature of that period can hardly be a puzzling question. The nineteenth century will stand in history as the chiefest iconoclast which has arisen in the world's first six thousand years. And its science, statecraft, art and literature will be looked upon as segments of the one circle, and that circle the century.

SPECIMEN LITERATURE OF THE INSANE.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D.,

Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

SEVERAL years ago this magazine published a number of poems of more than usual excellency, written by the insane of this asylum. In the series of articles on this class of our more than unfortunate fellow-citizens then produced, it was the writer's main object to assist in this way to disabuse the public mind of the idea that a maniac and an insane person must of necessity mean the same. So far from this being the case, the typical maniac is not often seen in an asylum, while the shrewd, intelligent, yet delusional insane are among the many.

Herewith are appended a few samples out of volumes which might be produced of just as sensible and striking productions, and which come to hand from time to time. Of course, the nonsensical and vapid inanities of the many are the rule, but it is astonishing to what heights of mentality many of them can rise. The first poem, on "Trials," is the production of a patient afflicted with religious melancholy, yet, at times, the mental thermometer rises to the hopeful, as is seen in the parallelism drawn between nature in its angry moods and the storm-clouds of the soul, joined to ultimate faith in God's command.

In many of these the sense of ill-being is not continuous, and a rift in the cloud is hailed with gladness as an earnest of a cloudless sky in the near future.

TRIALS.

The clouds may hide, but cannot reach
The stars afar,
The waves may spend their noisy strength
On rock or scar.

Vengeful winds may sway the bending fronds
Of forest trees,
The lightning's flash may strike in vain
The rolling seas.

The quivering earth may shuddering feel
The earthquake's throe,
Mountain torrents may remorseless sweep
In downward flow.

The soul has storm-clouds in its dire distress,
But heaven's above.
The waves of anguish sweep against it, guarded by
A Father's love.

The howling tempests of malignant power
Beat it in vain,
The lurid chain strikes with vengeful hiss
At heart and brain.

The spirit quivers, and passion's floods may flow
In angry quest,
But God commands, and says,
"Be still—give rest."

1892. L. M.

The following clever and sarcastic certificate was the joint production of two patients. A third one insisted on procuring his liberty. I stated to him that if he could obtain a certificate from any of his neighbours that he ought to be set at liberty I would think the matter over. The result was as follows, and is a model of non-committal phrases which might be a lesson in diplomacy. All are incurable cases.

TWO PATIENTS' CREDENTIALS AS TO THE CHARACTER OF A THIRD.

TORONTO ASYLUM.

SIR—This is to declare that we have been requested to certify to the character and morals of J. Sheridan, commonly called John Alexander.

We are well acquainted with him and have boarded with him for some time at this hotel.

We have always found him to be honest, truthful, and a more than ordinary good worker.

His mechanical skill and aptitude for figures are commendable.

His religious faith is not strong, and slightly inclined towards Buddhism.

Notwithstanding these slight drawbacks, he has every chance to grow in grace and in the knowledge of things useful to himself and agreeable to others. We wish him all the success possible within the limited sphere in which he at present revolves.

Give him a chance and he might surprise you. His motto through life has always been, "God is good," and in business, "Small profits and quick returns."

Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM GLADSTONE, M.P.,
and
X. Y. Z., A.M.

The person who wrote "The Devil and the Lawyer," has been an inmate for nearly twenty years. She believes the whole universe is hers, and that she has great powers given to her both in heaven and upon the earth.

As the verses show, her sarcastic powers are not of a low order, and her imagination is vivid, but consistent throughout with the picture she intended to draw.

The point of the satire is that Satan, strolling into a law court one day, heard two lawyers abusing each other:

> As soon as the speaker came to a close
> The counsel opposing then fiercely arose,
> And heaped such abuse on the head of the first,
> As made him a villain of all men the worst.

The conclusion she came to was that "these lawyers would ruin the morals of hell."

I consider the prose and verses following are remarkable productions. The author of the first is very delusional. He hears voices constantly speaking to him out of the walls. He is followed and persecuted by unknown persons, who meditate to do him harm and are plotting his destruction. When he was at large, they followed him from city to city, and now they have permanently located in this building. In spite of these delusions, it is seen how rationally he writes:

A REVERIE.

November 10th, 1892.

The air is pleasant this morning, notwithstanding the leaden sky and the whirling snow-flakes, and, while it may be unusual to eat Thanksgiving turkeys with snowy landscapes stretching outside the dining-room windows, yet, neither the viands nor the smiles of the assembled guests will be less sweet.

In the cities the day may not be generally observed, although more will rest to return thanks in Toronto than in any other city in the Dominion, and numbers of visitors will come from distant points to spend the day with their friends. The pleasantest features of the day will be the re-union of families in suburban and country homes. City youths whose homes are not too far from town can enjoy two agreeable experiences for one fare—a visit to their friends and a few hours' shooting, where rabbits, partridges or ducks are plentiful. No doubt these lucky individuals will get more thorough enjoyment out of the day than any others, while their presence will impart to their quiet homes a pleasant ripple of excitement which will cause the day to be memorable to more than one home-loving member of their families.

Thanksgiving Day is yearly becoming more popular, thanks to the wisdom and goodness of those in high places. The railways do much to increase the public's enjoyment on this, as on other holiday occasions, by reducing their fares, so that people who desire to do so may pass cheaply from point to point, and a visit can be made much more pleasantly at this season than at Christmas, when the weather may be cold, although hundreds who visit their friends to-day will repeat the pleasant experience at Christmas.

The importance of the day cannot be over-estimated. From time immemorial, nations have appointed seasons of prayer, when all their people were asked to assemble and implore the help of God or to return thanks to Him.

This was certainly the most emphatic way to express either their helpless-

ness or their gratitude, and surely there are enough examples in history to teach us that God has listened to and answered the prayers of these assemblages on many occasions. The man who first suggested the keeping of a day of thanksgiving was no doubt impressed with this fact; and knowing from the promises of God, that He will remember the prayers of His people, Canadians are happy to meet to-day in their churches to praise Him for a bountiful harvest.

When we cast our eyes back over the world's history, since last November, what lessons do we learn? That God has been pleased to bless this land above all others. Even our neighbours have not escaped entirely from the spirit of unrest which has been prevalent throughout the world, nor from prevailing plagues. But Canada has been but lightly touched by the disturbing conflict of capital and labour, while no unusual disease has visited it, although it has been threatened. True, there has been business depression in some localities, but what does the annual statement of trade show? That the country's business has been larger by some millions than it was last year, when there was also an increase. No land can expect to be without slight internal troubles, nor yet to remain altogether free from occasional disputes with her neighbours, and Canada has felt slightly the effect of both. But when we look across the sea to the gorged cemeteries of Hamburg; to plague-stricken, famished Russia; to bomb-shaken France; to harrassed England, and to stormy Mexico, to the south-west—have we not, the people of the Dominion, good reason to thank God, aye, and to lament that there cannot be a unanimous volume of praise arise to heaven to-day from every branch of the Christian Church in Canada?

It is assuring to read, however, that good men are praying and working to bring about a union, and that much has already been accomplished. I have already written many lines upon this subject, and I will close this paragraph adding these verses:

THANKSGIVING DAY, NOVEMBER 10TH, 1892.

November gales but mildly blow,
And golden sunlight brightens snow,
Which falls as feathery and light
As down of pigeons thro' the night,
And, like the skies, our thoughts are bright
While hearts beat hopefully and light,
And every care's been put away
For this is our Thanksgiving Day.

All through the past eventful year
Plenty has been our lot, and cheer
Hath filled our souls, when threatened ill
Did for a time the nations chill.

Thank God, ye merchants, husbandmen,
Thank Him, ye miners, fishermen,
Thank Him, ye toiling thousands, too,
For has He not fed all of you?
Ye mariners who sail the seas,
Dependent on Him for the breeze;

Ye, who are possessed of wealth,
Happy homes and goodly health ;
Ye young, to whom life's but begun
To show its charms, its woes and sin ;
Ye gray and old are hovering near
The border land, but have no fear ;
Arise,—arise, and praise and pray
God on this glad Thanksgiving Day.

The contradiction of the prose with the verses arises from a cheering circumstance, namely, the sudden passing away of the clouds, about 11 a.m. They are brilliant at the time of writing.

T. H.

PROSE POEM.

July 4th, 1892.

One of the most beautiful sunsets observed in these parts for a long time was admired last evening. Rain had fallen steadily all day until nearly eight o'clock, when the last of the clouds which had obscured the western sky moved eastward, and the sunlight burst over the landscape in glorious splendour.

The peculiar condition of the atmosphere caused the sun's parting rays to appear of a rich golden tint, almost liquid apparently in their density, as they were reflected against the towers, roofs and walls of Toronto's architectural piles. The clouds in the east were warmed by them, assuming the softest of rose and purplish tints, within a circle of a warmer hue.

The climax of splendour was lent to the scene by a well-defined rainbow, circling the eastern sky, the brilliant colours in which shone with charming vividness. It was indeed an agreeable contrast to the sombreness of a cloudy day,—one of those grand illuminations which remind us of God's wondrous power,—and a fitting closing of His Holy Day.

Such scenes are often impressive, and this one occurring so unexpectedly, almost startlingly, was unusually so. It will linger long in the memories of many who had an opportunity to view its full magnificence.

The superstitious are often charmed by such unusual displays, seeing in them the portents of some dread visitation, never for a moment entertaining a happy idea that such pictures often precede fine weather, or appreciating their wondrous splendour. Some awesome murmurs were heard by the writer last night, one simple soul seeing in the brilliant scene a prediction that the world would soon be destroyed by fire.

It was pleasant to learn that Dominion Day was not marred by any serious accident. Few holidays which are so generally observed have passed, leaving so little to regret. The people of Canada will be happy if the first day of the coming quarter of a century of the Dominion's life proves to have been typical of those which are to follow.

And this is the glorious Fourth of July !

Across the border, our American cousins will, as I write, be enthusiastically preparing for the day's festivities in honour of the 116th anniversary of America's Independence.

It is safe to say that the days of extravagant exuberance, vulgarly called "spread-eagleism," once rife are gone forever, although there may be a few

intermittent outbreaks of this verbal flux to-day, owing to political excitement. It is doubtful if there is so much powder burnt either— noise being no longer considered indispensable to amusement or true patriotism. I am assured that few Americans of to-day, although as loyal as their forefathers, feel the bitterness towards England which lingered so long after the struggle for Independence. Could a trade policy be formulated, equally beneficial to the United States and England and Canada. it is probable that the last vestige of rancour would disappear, and Fourth of July orations cease to be delivered by demagogues who delight in "twisting the Lion's tail."

On the other hand, those Anglo-maniacs, now becoming so scarce as to be objects of curiosity, esteemed as "cranks," who so vulgarly and ignorantly deride anything American—"Yankee" they delight to call it—would soon become extinct.

Speaking of the trade relations between the two countries, I cannot help observing that the visit of the Canadian representatives to Washington, to confer about Reciprocity, appears to me to have been ill-timed. It would not require a statesman to perceive that the eve of a Presidential election in a Republic where the dominant party were endeavouring to successfully launch a protective policy, while their opponents were not unanimously favourable to reciprocity, was the wrong time for the consideration of an international tariff, especially when the occupant of the Presidency was seeking re-election.

Pleasure will be the great object of the Republic's citizens to-day, however. Like the people of other nations they have learned that holidays are best enjoyed and do the celebrants most good when they are quietly and rationally observed. The country is so large, and the travelling facilities so good, that the American people have, perhaps, a greater choice of holiday scenes than any other nation. Those who delight in excitement and display will be able to gratify their desire ; the sporting public will have many localities to choose from, where they can enjoy a plethora of shooting and fishing, while the great multitudes will seek in hundreds of rural localities the quiet enjoyment and recreation in which they and their friends delight.

Canadians can congratulate their neighbours on the fact that they can celebrate their national holiday this year free from any domestic or any grave international complications, and wish them a pleasant day, free from any of those disasters which sometimes occur during celebrations.

The political contest has begun in earnest in Great Britain and promises to be unusually warm. The Government has chosen a warm month for it, too.

The question of Home Rule for Ireland will again be fought over, and after Ulster's protest and the sanguinary conflicts between the two divisions of the Irish party, the different phases of the struggle will be watched by British subjects everywhere with extraordinary interest. I am not competent to make a prediction as to the probable result. The newspapers which have fallen into my hands foretell the downfall of the present administration, while admitting that elections for the British House of Commons generally result in surprises. It is possible that some of those who so confidently predict a triumph for the G. O. M. will experience one of these startling surprises which will paralyze them. Time will tell.

THE BATTLE.

Now, orators, gird on your armour,
Prepare for the electoral fray,
The battle for spoils and for honour
So fiercely contested alway.

"Home Rule" on the banners of Gladstone,
"Primroses" declare is a "fake;"
The Irish have got a new champion,
The dignified pet—Edward Blake.

There are ructions each night at Kilkenny,
The region so famous for cats,
And in far-renowned Tipperary
The shillelahs soon settle the "spats."

From Dublin to world-famed Killarney,
From Cork to great Liverpool,
Glib tongues are now using some "blarney,"
And shouting each day for "Home Rule."

The Ulsterman's taken his coat off,
In an heroic attempt to keep cool,
He says all his cannon will go off
If the Gladstonites carry "Home Rule."

1892. F. H.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Translated from the German of Louise Hensel.

BY A. A. MACDONALD.

Weary, now I go to rest,
Close my little eyes in sleep;
Now, I pray Thee, Father, dear,
O'er my bed Thine eyes to keep.

All I did amiss to-day
Wilt Thou, Father, kind, forget;
Grace of Thine and Jesus' blood
Every wrong aright has set.

All who are akin to me
Let them rest beneath Thy hand;
To Thy care I recommend
All mankind, both small and grand.

Send Thy peace to breaking hearts,
Gently take the tear away;
Let the moon in heaven shine,
And the quiet world survey.

Upper Canada College, Toronto.

JAMES SMETHAM, ARTIST AND CLASS-LEADER.*

BY PROF. C. T. WINCHESTER.

THE big English Dictionary of National Biography, when it gets down to S, will probably say of James Smetham that he was an English artist and engraver, whose work showed gleams of unmistakable genius but attained only a limited success, whose last years were clouded by some mental alienation, and who died in 1889. That is the curt way the world sums men up. Read his "Letters," and you will discover James Smetham to have been a man of rare, subtle personality, with that indefinable quality—often sadly lacking both in good and in great men—the quality we call *charm*. I do not remember reading any autobiography since Cowper's "Letters" that better exhibits the union of a quick sense of beauty and humour with constant religious feeling. In fact—it may be sacrilege to say it—but I will dare to say that Smetham's letters please me quite as much as Cowper's. His humour is more buoyant and wise than Cowper's, his imagination more bold, and his religious feeling more healthy. In a word, he is more *alive* than Cowper.

It is not so easy to explain that quality of charm. Smetham was an artist, evidently of more genius than talent; but artists are often irresponsible, cranky persons. He was a poet; but poets are often very kittle and difficult folk. He was a man of piety; but it must be confessed that genuinely pious men can be dreadful bores. I think it was the union of all these parts in such admirable harmony that made Smetham's character so attractive. For Smetham was an artist and a poet, and at the same time a Wesleyan class-leader. The combination, I think, is not so common as might be desired. To the shame of our narrow religious conceptions be it said, it seems hard to put the poet and the class-leader together; and the attempt to do so often spoils both. It ought not to be so; and here is a life that proves it *need* not be so. In one of Smetham's letters—written, by the way, just after he had been to see an old deaf woman dying in happy poverty—there is a passage that admirably states his philosophy of life:

"One of the truths that is opening out more and more to me is the relation of taste and culture to the religious life. Without care we are entangled in a sense of discrepancy, as if they were *opposed*. . . . I have been commanded to be smitten on the mouth on this subject of art a thousand times. Good men (and those often alive to percentages) have been solemnly 'dead' to it. The only one who, since I first felt the delightful stirrings of it, at five years old, up to now, has never interposed one thwarting thought out of His omniscience, is the Lord Jesus, and He shows me now more clearly than ever, that true art, as opposed to its neglect, is the best preparation for the class-room, and the closet, and the sanctuary; for it is simply

* "Letters of James Smetham." Edited by Sarah Smetham and William Davies. Macmillan & Co.: London and New York. 1891.

a more and more complete appreciation of the situation. . . . It might sound strange to start the thesis in a church assembly, with such material as we have, but I make no doubt of it that perfect science and art, and perfect holiness as existing in a given being, mean pretty much the same thing. (Cries of 'Oh, Oh,' from the opposition on both sides.)"

That is admirable; and if "the opposition on both sides" would see its truth, we should have less shameless art and less unlovely religion. "A complete appreciation of the situation"—has anybody found a much better phrase than that for the end of all culture?

Now that is the charm of this man's character as revealed in his letters. He "appreciates the situation" all round. His life has breath. On one page he chats about some old saint of his class who sold brushes in a decent shop, led the singing in a way to craze you, prayed "like a good old muff," and has recently gone to God; turn over the leaf, and he will give you a piece of description worthy his friend Ruskin, a keen criticism on some poet or painter, or a bit of wise humour that, in old Chaucer's phrase, tickles you about the heart-root. Some of the moralists and timid churchmen of the last century used to talk about "making the best of both worlds;" meaning by the expression, giving the devil a mortgage on the next life in return for the enjoyment of this one, and then trusting by some shrewd religious practice to cheat him of his dues before he could foreclose. Methodism is understood to have discouraged *that* scheme of life. But there *is* a sense in which we may and ought to "make the best of both worlds;" and this man had learned the secret of it. He writes one evening before going to chapel:

"I suppose I ought to reckon this day's intellectual enjoyment perfect. Painting in water colours an Arcadian vale, with a shepherd and a nymph, and all the sensations (probably) of Theocritus. But fancy Theocritus a Methodist class-leader, inwardly examining his conduct, his heart, his way! But this was the *fact;* the one a running accompaniment of the other. Theocritus, 'piping down the valleys wild,' catching every breath of nature, its glooms, its exhilarations, its pensiveness, its haunted influences—comes as near perhaps to my typical and professional mental state as need be. 'The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto *all* men' —Theocritus included."

His sympathies were so wide and open, that, though a shy, retiring man himself, he got close to very different kinds of people. Men like Ruskin and Gabriel Rossetti were won by the charm of his character; while, on the other hand, he used to say it would be a great pain to him to see a perplexed look at anything he said come on the face of any humblest class-member, "servant-girl, or chestnut seller;" but, he adds, "I never *do* see it." The divinest thing, he used to say, in the character of the Master Himself, is His universal sympathy.

"He takes the old woman's view of things by the wash-tub; and has a great interest in wash-powder; Sir Isaac Newton's view of things, and wings among the stars with him; the artist's view, and feeds among the

lilies ; the lawyer's, and shares the justice of things. But he never plays the lawyer or the philosopher or the artist to the old woman. *He is above that littleness!*"

That last sentence—which I have italicized—may suggest the kind of humour of which these letters are full. It would be rash to venture the assertion that there cannot be a good man without humour; but it is hard to see how there can be a very wise one. Humour, one thinks, must be a necessary result in a genial nature of any complete view of life. I always suspect the desperately serious persons of some narrowness of vision. Our life is so full of humorous incongruity. There is humour, Walter Bagehot used to say, in the very thought of an immortal soul tying its shoe-string. Says old Shallow in the play:

> "Dead! Is old Double *dead?*
> How's a score of ewes now at Stamford fair?"

Now it is this mellow, half-serious humour, observant, imaginative, which pervades all these letters. Such humour is a part of wisdom. It often opens our eyes suddenly upon some new truth; and it always smoothes the wrinkles out of the soul.

Smetham won, I suppose, only a very moderate success as an artist. But his failure couldn't have been the fault of his æsthetic sense or of his imagination. I don't know where to find in any letters a quicker feeling for the beauty of the world, or a rarer gift to put that beauty into words. These pages are thickly sown with passages like this:

> "How grand it was last night after sunset to walk a quarter of a mile beyond our lodgings and find myself in a solitary white road, with barley and wheat-fields on each side, a hint of vast distance eastward, the sea westward, the lighthouse with its steady white star, the lightship out at sea with its red light going in and out, the first stars appearing, the soft fresh night breeze blowing, the hush, the calm, the sublime calm, 'the rising wind,' the sense of God!"

Is Carlyle's marvellous etching or Ruskin's vivid colour much better than that? Then there are bits of thrilling imaginative suggestion, like this:

> "How is it that the grey tide is so regular and constant, and as it were sly and reticent, *as if it were always going to say something and yet never says it?*"

That is a poem in little.

And Smetham knew the charm of books as well as the charm of nature. Three books, in especial, he knew by heart: Tennyson for his exquisite pictures, Shakespeare for his wide humanity, the Bible for all reasons. But his acquaintance with most of the great masters of modern English seems to have been only a little less intimate. His random thoughts are shot through with reminiscence of the best things in letters, and his colloquial speech is constantly falling unaware into the phrase of the immortals. His

literary sympathies are remarkably acute and refined; he must have been an excellent interpreter of literary quality. He will hold some subtle phrase or fine line of poetry before his imagination until its beauty seems visibly to expand and blossom out. There is a passage, for example, in which he broods on this line from "Timon of Athens,"

"Domestic awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,"

until you see it, as he does, a whole gallery of pictures of the "quaint law and mediæval repose of the fifteenth century." He had an odd habit of filling the margins of his books with minute drawings—"squares," he called them—illustrative of the spirit of the book. His best-loved volumes, like the Epistles of Paul or some of the plays of Shakespeare, he went through with systematically, "squaring" them page by page, chapter by chapter. The same power of imaginative suggestion is seen in his letters; they sparkle with incisive bits of criticism in which the total effect of an author's work is suggested in some vivid picture. Carlyle is the "great gothic whale, lumbering and floundering in the northern seas, and spouting his foam fountains under the crackling Aurora and the piercing Hyperborean stars." George Eliot's later work he characterizes admirably as "vivisection with no touch of the Healer." There are other such keen estimates—which I must not stay to quote—of Bulwer and Browning and Keats and Disraeli and Ruskin and a score of other people. But his chance comments on Shakespeare are most felicitous of all In no other volume of letters do I recall so many proofs of a whole-souled and intelligent enjoyment of our great dramatist. I am filling this paper with quotations, but it is the surest test of a good book that it compels you to quote; and here is one passage that I cannot help repeating. It shows such a hearty spirit of good fellowship, while it pierces to the secret of Shakespeare's power:

"Shakespeare stands the wonder of all time. Now why? He had small Latin and less Greek. Ben Jonson had large Latin and much Greek; but who really cares for Ben Jonson except literary fogies who pity your ignorance if you say so? It is just *this:* Shakespeare was all *alive*, a nimble spirit like lightning, who could put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes and not feel that he had done anything particular, but at the age of forty-six to go to Stratford and buy a bit of property, and loll over the gates, talking to farmers and graziers, and Bill the butcher's boy, and the Squire at the Hall; at home with the universe. His *sort* of carelessness in his plays reveals the man. When his blood is up, he makes heaven and earth bend and deliver up what he wants *on the instant*, and goes crashing through the forest of words like a thunderbolt, crushing them out of shape if they don't fit in, melting moods and tenses, and leaving people to gape at the transformation. If the grammarians object, he goes on like the hero of the Jabberwocky. He's not going to stop and put their heads on straight. They should have kept out of the way.

"He first saw the thing or the character as if he had got out of himself into it, and then, 'with the noble mould of Marcius,' he just drove the words together with a voice of thunder. . . . He talked, yes; but so as to make everybody unbolt to him. . . . Sure am I of this, that Shakespeare

was like *putty* to everybody and everything, the willing slave, pulled out, patted down, squeezed anyhow, clay to every potter. But he knew by the plastic hand what the nature of the moulder was. Your weak-strong man *butts* and asserts himself, and gets to know nothing and nobody."

Mr. Matthew Arnold, by way of showing us how much the Puritans lacked of being good fellows, once asked us to imagine Shakespeare in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. That is too much; we own—as Mr. Arnold would have us—that we can't do it. But here is a Methodist class-leader with whom Shakespeare might have sat down, cheek by jowl, in the ingle at New Place, to make a night of it. And a good thing it might have been for Shakespeare. And yet—and this is the rarer gift—the narrowest Puritan would have found this Methodist class-leader a man of sound faith and edifying converse. For I have not indicated half the range of topics that these charming letters touch. There are passages of sober reflection upon the large questions of life and destiny; twilight musings, gentle and half-sad, like music at night-fall; excursions of fancy sent out by some old wood cut or some random verse to bring home all quaint and lovely pictures. Let me close this rambling paper with yet one more quotation to show how imagination, reminiscence, charity, wit and faith are blent in him. He has been reading Harriet Martineau's "Autobiography" (what a contrast to his!), and deprecates the tendency of the orthodox to shout and malediet over it, as if they thought the fort of faith was being battered down. No such thing.

"Walk about Zion and consider. *I* don't see a shot-hole. I see the temple-haunting martlet building ever on the coign of vantage, for the air is delicate; the swallow finds a nest for herself where she may lay her young; and even the callow nestling, like Brother Fosket, whom I hope to meet in class to-morrow, is as safe as in the groves of Dodora."

A rare, subtle, gentle personality, saturated with all that was fragrant in letters and art, and rich in that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom. He seems to me an excellent example of true culture—"the complete appreciation of the situation."

Whether Smetham's fame will suffice to keep his book alive for long, may be doubtful; but certain I am that, whatever the loud world may say, those who have been fortunate enough to read it will always account it a familiar book, one of the very best collections of letters ever written.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE SEA OF LIFE.

May we not be like ships at sea,
That perish in the storm,
But always Him our Refuge see,
Whose ever-living form
Once here the raging billows trod,
As "Son of Man" and God.

—*Maria Elise Lauder.*

THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER II.—OUTFITTING.

And now we have seen how that little craft, Bess Adams, was fairly launched in life; how she had duly received her name, with the accompaniment of wine and feasting; and the next thing necessary to secure the desired "long cruise and lucky one" was a proper outfitting. They were wise parents in their way, Phil and Annie Adams. That "wisdom that is from above" they had not, nor had thought of its need entered into their hearts; but in the simplicity of their lives they exhibited many of those characteristics which are generally its fruits. They were peaceable and gentle, and easy to be entreated, and full of mercy; and shut away from the follies and temptations and falls of the great world, in the little hamlet by the sea, they visited in all benevolence the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and were kept well-nigh unspotted from the world.

The first good thing which Annie Adams thought to secure for her child was health; to confirm that vigorous constitution with which she had entered upon life. Never had a child a better inheritance of vital power. Her strong and supple limbs; her broad, full chest; head well poised; overflowing animal spirits which kept her for ever active; the good, red blood rising in her sun-browned cheeks; the flash of fun and pride and resolution in her clear brown eyes; and even the free tossing of a mass of half-frizzled light hair impressed one with the idea that little Bess was capable of battling with the roughest of storms and enjoying the finest of weather, and had a high courage to meet any fate. She was no tender nursling of an overwarm house and soft beds. Bare-headed and bare-legged she raced up and down the sands and waded in the shallows all day, and at evening, having been thoroughly soused in sea-water, was put to sleep on a fresh straw mattress, with the window open all night beside her little bed.

If there is anything brain-creative in a fish-diet, anything to give good blood in drinking plenty of unadulterated milk, and anything promotive of good morals and good muscles in that Indian corn of which Whittier sings so well, then Bess should have had them all—brains, muscles, blood and morals—for fish and milk and corn-meal made the most part of the little sea-maiden's diet.

By the time she was five years old she had been taught three things: to obey; her alphabet; and a little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," which prayer contained the chief religious knowledge possessed by either mother or grandmother! Besides this, Bess had learned for herself much lore of fishing, boating, marine birds and monsters, such as crabs, lobsters, jelly-fish, and whelks. Her particular friends and companions were Lucy Wren

and Rolf Hastings, who, being respectively six and five years her seniors, were to her guides and philosophers as well as friends.

Indeed, by the time that Bess was five years old she was a more congenial companion to Rolf than even Lucy; for there was a shadow in Lucy's home and over her fading mother's heart that communicated itself to the girl. Lower and lower sank Jim Wren, and less and less were his wages, and Sarah Ann had become the dressmaker, and bonnet-renovator, and, on far-separated occasions, the shroudmaker, to her village friends; and Lucy was often oppressed with an unchildlike consideration of ways and means, and a mature desire to help her mother and to draw a veil of love and charity over her father's failings.

Thus it happened that it was not Lucy, but Bess, who believed religiously in Captain Kidd's deposit of untold treasures, and made long and pleasant expeditions with Rolf in search of it. Not Lucy, but Bess, was to help build and inhabit some such magnificent palace as he read of in books belonging to his father —books that told of Norse, and Viking, and Scald, and all the brave mythology of the North. It was Bess who perched of evenings beside Rolf on the wooden settle in the porch of his father's dwelling, while Master Hastings smoked a big china pipe in long puffs, and told of little Heligoland, where "Rede are ye clyffs and white ye sond;" of Friesland, where the women wear golden helmets; of far-off Spitzbergen, and the hardy Russ sailors wrecked there—Bess who planned with Rolf to get a golden skiff such as Freya sails, and steer for seas lit only by the northern lights, and be wrecked happily on Spitzbergen, with a full cargo of tallow candles!

But now Bess was five, and old enough to go to school at the Corners, and get a further outfitting for her life-cruise at the hands of the sharp-faced, keen-eyed, learning-loving, poverty-beleaguered school-master.

Such a master presided at the Corners, and his careful eye soon discerned in little Bess Adams abilities worth cultivating. When it came his time, in "boarding round," to go to the Adams's, he frequently carried little Bess home on his shoulder. In the evenings he strolled along the beach with her by the hand, and Rolf and Lucy at his heels, telling them rare secrets about the wonderful animal creation around them; or, in the winter evenings, seated by the blazing fire on the hearth, he quite outshone Master Hastings as a story-teller, giving with infinite relish, and a grand rolling forth of the old Greek and Roman names, the gems of classic lore. Or by times he drew on his varied stock of information for glowing descriptions of the foreign lands where Captain Adams sailed; and Sicily, with its towering mountains, and Vesuvius, with its fiery crown, and all the fair Levant, passed as in a panorama before these young listeners; for this man, who had ever been too poor to travel so far even as to Philadelphia, in reality, was a great traveller in imagination.

Thus the school-master became to Bess as choice a companion as Rolf himself; yet she had a third comrade, more of a favourite

than either, and that was Tom Epp. Tom could tell her quite as wonderful things as the teacher, and, what was better, many of the adventures which he related were his own; and there is an unspeakable charm in *magna pars fui*. But more than this, Tom loved the seas as a zealous patriot loves his country; and indeed Tom held that salt water was his *native land*, for he had been born on the sea; and thus Tom surpassed the teacher, who had no sympathy for Bess Adams's intense fondness for the ocean.

Nobody, seeing Tom Epp putting out to sea in his fishing-boat, a ragged, bronzed-faced fellow, older than his years, or watched him dragging his boat to the beach, and "salting down" its load of mackerel, cod, or herrings, would have called him fit material for a hero. Neither was he heroic in the eyes of his neighbours, and perhaps no one ever is. Tom was poor, even for Lucky Cove —one of those who, without being fools, are very soon parted from any money they may get. His father, taking drunkenness as his steady business, for several years just managed to catch fish enough to pay for his whiskey. Tom at fifteen assumed the care of his mother, and kept want at more than arm's length from her, until at the end of seven years the school-master read a simple burial service of his own compiling over her pine coffin, and Tom's description of himself was that he felt as if "his masts were snapped clean off, his rigging was carried away, and his hull being stove in, he was dead swamped."

But just at this time Tom had a new dependent cast upon him, so he was obliged to refit after all these damages; for his father became incapable of supplying himself with either bread or whiskey, while he loudly demanded both. For three years more Tom fed and clothed this wretched parent better than he did himself; he paid his liquor bills at the "Blue Mackerel" as punctually as if they had been honest debts, and they *were* so considered in those days. Tom missed good berths on merchant vessels, because he must needs be near home to see that the old man did not burn or drown himself; he went late on winter nights, and carried the insensible toper home on his back through the snow; he "took patiently the spoiling of his goods;" and after three years of this slavery, when Epp senior had fairly drunk himself to death, Tom said his little house "felt dismal lonely, and he wished the old man had hung on a little longer, that he might have done more for him."

People now advised Tom Epp to marry, have a careful wife to dispose of his wages to the best advantage, and take some comfort in his life. To such proposals Tom shook his head; he thought it would be very unfair to have a nice young woman worrying about him when he was out at sea, or breaking her heart over his fate when his bark and himself went untimely down in a storm. "Besides," Tom was wont to say, lowering his voice, "if I should take to drinking like my father before me, I don't want any woman to be made miserable by it, like my mother was."

"Fie, Tom," the gossiping matron to whom he gave such a reason would say, "you're not going to ruin yourself that way."

"I don't mean to, that's a fact," Tom would reply; "but then I might. No man knows what shoal he's like to run agin in this world. On headlands, like at the Cove, we set a light; but for folk cruising through this life I can't see as there's any great amount of lights or signals nor anything to warn a body of danger, 'less it's a wreck lying high and dry like—like—well, no use of mentioning names."

So it happened that at thirty Tom was keeping his own house, in a slovenly fashion enough, and content to make a plain living by fishing, with Rolf and Bess and Lucy for his chief "cronies" when he was ashore. He was always ready to lend to every man who wanted to borrow; never came in with a good catch, but fish and lobster went up to Mrs. Wren; if anybody was sick, Tom was ready to "watch" with them with clumsy kindness; and he was the unpaid man of all work for all the dames whose husbands were off on a voyage, and who needed wood cut, fences mended, or a leak in the roof stopped.

When Tom went off after a school of mackerel or a shoal of herrings, he always put a bottle of whiskey and a loaf of bread in the locker of his boat; he thought water would have been a very dangerous drink for a man wet and weary with fishing. Sometimes he joined his village friends for an evening spent in the light of the flaring tallow-dips at the "Blue Mackerel"; he never refused to stand or share a treat when asked to do so, but he never was drunk in his life. And his happiest hours were when a familiar gleam along the waters showed a school of mackerel at play, and, with Rolf and Bess perched in the bow of the boat to wonder at his achievements, he sent his bark, with a long sweep of his strong arm, flying over the sparkling waves, and returned with several hundred fish. It was a sight worth looking at, the bright boat; for Tom's one extravagance was paint for the *Dancer,* rocking on the waves, Tom carefully balanced for his work, his lines wound on reels on the boatside, and each line furnished with several hooks. A jar of chopped herring secured within reach, Tom would sprinkle handfuls of this upon the water to tempt the feeding fish, and then cast out his lines, one in each hand, the greater part of their length being wound on the reels. Then the fish would begin to bite, in their eagerness for herring snatching at that firmly fixed upon the hooks. Up would come the line, and with one scientific "snap" Tom would have his fish free in the bottom of the boat, and his yet baited hooks flung out again. Sometimes both lines must be jerked up at once; sometimes two fish were caught simultaneously on the same line. The fish in the bottom of the boat tossed and beat themselves about wildly, and their silver scales flew off in a shower like fine hail. Then as Tom rowed home the mass of booty was quiet at last, and the sunlight flashed upon it, and it seemed a pile of alabaster and broken rainbows, or as if Tom Epp had discovered and was carrying away all Captain Kidd's famous booty of silver and of jewels.

When Bess was two, a new member had appeared in the family,

a small sister, called Kate, from her mother's mother. This juvenile brought plenty of love with her, as babies are wont to do; but perhaps Bess had a little supremacy in her father's heart, because of her singular congeniality. What he loved, she loved naturally; and how he gloried in her knowing all the names of all parts of boat or ship, and laughing fearlessly in being out in a blow!

CHAPTER III.—SAILING ORDERS.

> "The days are very evil, the times are waxing late—
> Be watchful and take warning, the Judge is at the gate."

"Get an outfit," said Captain Adams. And at this was Bess busy until she was twelve years old. By this time Rolf had gone to sea with her father, and Bess was the leading spirit in the old school-house at the Corners, and the pride of her master.

From her earliest years Bess had avowed her intention of going to sea with her father, and to preparation for this she directed all her efforts. She pursued arithmetic with enthusiasm, especially enjoying calculations of time, of latitude and longitude; geography was another pet branch of learning; the mariner's compass was an object of greatest interest; and while the other children nodded sleepily in their seats, Bess would engage the master in a disquisition, and sit with eager eyes fixed on his face, while he, happy in his young and ardent listener, discoursed of what was then known of the north pole and the magnetic pole, and the "open sea"; of tides, and currents of the atmosphere; of wave theories, and the Gulf Stream; the eager mind of the unknown and diligent student projecting and anticipating much that has since been more fully unfolded. From the earliest of her school-days, Bess had been wont to pace the sands, on the starry evenings, hand in hand with her master, while he pointed out the constellations and the sentinel star that guards the pole, and to which the unerring needle points the mariner. To the master, the constellations rose, and set, and held their high courses as parts of a mighty mechanism; to Bess, they were set as guides to bring her father's ship across the sea. To neither of them did the heavens declare the glory of God, nor the firmament show His handiwork. The wind returned again according to his circuits, all the rivers ran into the unfilled sea, and not a thought entered their busy minds of Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, gathers the waters in the hollow of His hand, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing. Perchance the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now came His voice commanding all men everywhere to repent.

The first messenger sent to them was Death. In hamlets such as this, the simple people form, as it were, one family. One does not languish day by day on a sick-bed, and go down into the grave, unnoticed of his neighbour next door.

With the affectionate solicitude of relatives, the villagers had marked for years the daily sorrows and patience of Mrs. Wren. Jim's course had been steadily downward; degraded from the post of captain, he had been successively first officer, second officer, coxswain, cook, common hand before the mast, and at length rejected altogether, and, too brutalized to feel shame or desire employment, he sat all day at the "Blue Mackerel," drinking what he could get, and at evening was thrust out by the landlord to go home as he could or sleep in the streets. Sometimes Lucy went after him; but, when Tom Epp was ashore, he fell naturally into that same thankless office, and carried Jim Wren home as once he had carried his own father.

Lucy, on her part, had quite enough to do to get bread and fuel for the little household, and nurse her dying mother; in fact, she would have found the work too great, except for the help of the neighbours. Fish from Tom Epp, this, that, and the other delicacy for the invalid from the villagers, liberal pay from Master Hastings for making his shirts, and flour and wood for friendship's sake, these helped Lucy over the rough places of her lot. Besides this, the ready neighbours sat up long nights with the sick woman, and helped nurse her during weary days, and thus they all entered together into a new and solemn experience, which became the staple of conversation in all the hamlet, and stirred deep thoughts in all minds.

Lying there on her dying bed, Sarah Wren was unwittingly preparing the way of the Lord, and casting up in the desert a highway. She had never seen the minister she had longed to see, and the schoolmaster had never given her the explanations she had begged. A dingy old Bible had been her one helper; but on these dim pages had shone brighter and brighter the illumination of the Spirit. Out of her own infinite needs she had learned to pray. She had had only the Bible without note or comment, no preaching of the Word had been hers; but out of that Bible she had learned of a crucified but risen Saviour, waiting to be gracious. She had seen the gate of mercy set open for "whosoever will," and the Book of Revelation had opened the doors of pearl, and shown her the glorious vistas of the city of our God, the land where none shall say, "I am sick," where there shall be no more curse, neither sorrow nor crying, and where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Therefore, before by the loosening of the silver cord she had entered upon the rest that remaineth for the people of God, Sarah had come to experience the perfect peace of those whose minds are stayed on Him; and amid poverty, shame, desertion, pain, and death, she had come into the pavilion of the Holy One, and abode in a great calm. A plain and silent woman, she had no narration of experiences; she could not describe the change that had passed upon her, nor any spiritual processes. She could not even announce that "whereas I was blind, now I see"; but the great change was evident to all. With that Bible in her wasted hand, and its words ever on her faltering tongue, her soul filled with a serene confidence of coming

glory, Sarah practically taught her friends and neighbours how a Christian can die.

"O mother, mother!" cried the weeping Lucy, throwing herself beside her parent, "you are dying!"

"No, my child," was the calm answer; "I know that my Redeemer liveth; because He lives, I shall live also; to-day I shall be with Him in paradise." And so she passed out of this life into a better, her last hour being evidently not dying, but the comfortable entrance into a nobler and happier existence.

As the neighbour women prepared her for burial, there was a general feeling among them that Sarah should have a different funeral from that common in the place, where the schoolmaster coldly and gravely read a chapter, and his own form of burial-service. That there should be a "regular parson" and a sermon, was the general opinion, though no one believed it possible to obtain this desire; there was no preacher within twenty miles, and, moreover, Jim Wren was too drunk to care anything about it, while nearly all the men were off in the vessels.

Sarah passed away toward the close of the afternoon, and her death so engrossed popular feeling that the wonderful event of a stranger riding through the village, on a good horse, with well-filled saddle-bags, and putting up with Master Hastings, excited little attention. By seven next morning, about the time when all good housewives had "done up" their breakfast dishes, this stranger and Master Hastings set forth for a walk. They first passed by a small group of men, among whom was Tom Epp, getting out their fishing-boats. Here Master Hastings said briefly, "A relation of mine, and a parson." The parson shook hands all around, and with Master Hastings passed on to the "store." Here was the same introduction, this time to the storekeeper and to three women who were buying material for Sarah's shroud. Even by this time, so quickly does news fly in one of these villages, every man, woman, and child knew that a "parson" was in the place, and all rushed to door or window to comment and wonder, as with Master Hastings he next proceeded to the rude, forlorn dwelling of Jim Wren.

Here were Mrs. Annie Adams, Bess, and Aunt Kezzy, the fat, kind-hearted landlady of the "Blue Mackerel," who was sorry enough for Lucy, angry at Jim, and entirely without a suspicion that she, her house, or her family had had anything to do with Sarah's early death; indeed, she had nursed the sick woman, and sent her chicken-broth and fresh eggs, she was wont to say, "just like a sister."

In the half-darkened room of the little house this group were seated. On the bed lay Sarah's body, covered with a fine linen sheet, part of her marriage providings. Fat Aunt Kezzy occupied the big chair, sighed now and then, and fanned herself, for want of other occupation. On a corner of the settle was Bess, the one bright, vigorous, comforting object in the place, gently stroking the hair of poor Lucy, who lay sobbing with her head on her little friend's lap; and now and then one of Bess's valiantly-repressed

tears escaped, to drop on Lucy's head. Behind the house, half-stupid, on a saw-horse, sat Jim Wren, his head on his grimy hands, wondering if he were likely to get any whiskey at the "Blue Mackerel" that day. Among the group in the cottage appeared Master Hastings and his companion.

"Friends," said Master Hastings, "here is a relative of mine, a parson, come to stay at the Cove for a while, and in good time, I think, to help us in this burial."

The stranger gave his hand to each of the women, cast his keen glance swiftly about the room, and, going at once to Lucy's side, spoke his first words under that roof: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We are confident, and willing to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. And now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept; for, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

From the first syllable of that clear, firm voice Lucy's sobs had stilled. She lifted her head, and fixed her earnest gaze upon the speaker.

"Dear friends," he said, "the hand of God is upon you, and yet more in mercy than in judgment; for Christ has willed that those whom the Father hath given Him be with Him where He is. Let us together listen to the reading of the Scripture, and go to God in prayer."

Master Hastings reached the Bible from the shelf; but the words she had heard had recalled Lucy to duty. She had yet one parent; her father must not be forgotten like an outcast while they worshipped God. Without a word she quickly left the room.

"She's gone for her father, poor thing," said Mrs. Adams.

"Humph," said Aunt Kezzy, "much good it'll do *him*."

Lucy went into the back yard, and, kneeling down by her father, put her arms about his neck.

"O dear father! here's a parson come to pray with us, now poor mother is dead. Won't you come in?"

"I don't mind if I do," said Jim indifferently.

"And mother's *dead,* father," reiterated Lucy earnestly.

"Yes, I know, child. Your mother was always weakly, and she never would take anything to keep her up. She had queer notions, your mother had, and plagued me a sight."

"Well, come in, father," said Lucy with a weary sigh; "but let me fix you a little first—the minister's there."

Jim submitted with the nonchalance of those absorbed ing reat things. His whole soul was devoted to the question when and how he should get whiskey, and such little matters as death, ministers, and decency failed to move him. He was barefooted, but Lucy brought his socks and the shoes which she always kept clean for him; she washed his face and wet and brushed his shaggy hair, and then succeeded in pulling him into a well-

brushed and well-mended pea-jacket: she then led him into the house, and established him in a corner of the settle, sitting beside and holding his hand.

The minister had been, during this time, studying his little audience. A keen and yet a loving student of human nature, he already understood the little band before him. He divined also, as soon as Jim entered, that he had better be left unnoticed until he had become accustomed to the sound of the strange voice, and might have heard some word to attract his attention. His eyes moistened as he saw the forlorn girl taking her father's unresponding hand, and not less did a sudden mist swim before the vision of the stalwart Dane. All being now ready, Sarah's well-worn Bible was opened, and to those watchers by the dead came the words, "And a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany."

"O mother!" said Mrs. Annie Adams to her old mother-in-law, when she went home at noon, "there is a minister come to stop awhile at the Cove, and he is to preach Sarah's funeral to-morrow afternoon. I wish you could have heard him this morning."

"A minister, did you say, Annie?" cried the old lady. "Why, child, since I've heard Sarah Wren talk, and have seen her die, I have thought much that I am an old woman, and my time's coming soon, and it seems to me that the words of the Gospel would come like cold water to parched ground."

Thus God had sent His messengers of sickness and death, and they, having done their appointed work and gone their way, were followed by the preacher of the Word. The new evangel had been spoken first in the house of Jim Wren. Aunt Kezzy thought it respectable. Bess felt that it was wonderful. To Annie Adams it came as something for which she had long unconsciously sought. The Dane went home pondering, with his head on his breast. Lucy's heart, trained by long communion with a mother ripening for glory, had only to hear, to enter on her inheritance; but—alas! that man can be of the earth so earthy—Jim Wren's one whisper, as they rose from their knees, was, "Lucy, girl, you speak to Aunt Kezzy to let me have a glass of bitters if I go there this morning!"

The next afternoon the minister preached the funeral sermon of Sarah Wren. All the village came out to hear him Store and tavern were shut. Mothers and babies were there; only two persons were at home, and they were bed-ridden. The little room of the house could only hold the table bearing the pine coffin, and the group of nearest friends that sat around. The remaining people stood in the front yard space; and standing in the doorway, between the living and the dead, the minister declared to them the good news: "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

This was on a Friday, and it was announced that on the Sabbath morning, as there was no room in the village large enough to hold the assembled people, the minister would preach on the sloping side of the headland that rose above the Cove.

And now was time in the Cove no longer numbered by the days of the week, nor by the marvellous catches of fish, but only by the preachings. For as that great wind that blew across the valley of vision started instant into life all the dry bones and disjected members of humanity, so the mighty breath of God swept over this hamlet by the sea, and there was a strange stirring of emotions and a shaking of souls, and the one topic of conversation was the wonderful news brought by the preacher; and the one manner of reckoning the passing days was that on this one was a preaching, on that a prayer-meeting, and on another the parson had opened up the wonderful story of the prodigal, who would arise and go to his father.

Therefore, chronicling the life of these people as it was lived, we pass to the Sabbath of that first great preaching on the green land-ward slope of the headland.

Phil Adams was there. His ship had been winged home in a fortunate hour. He brought a chair on his shoulder for his old mother, and stood foremost in the group, his wife on his arm and Bess by the hand, while Kate filled up the space between Bess and Rolf, who was now nearly as tall as the father by whom he stood—Rolf, who had already seen Denmark and the northern seas.

The Dane, with his locks white as the snows on Hermon, his mighty frame unbowed by the many years that rested upon him, his fiery eyes bent on the speaker, as one passionately intent to hear, was a prominent figure in the audience. Lucy was there, in some attempt at mourning for her mother, yet with a calm hope shining through her grief. Tom Epp was near her, lest the worse than fatherless girl should feel neglected and alone—Tom, hearing for the first time of charts and beacons and signal lights for the cruise of life—things the lack of which he had so often deplored.

Aunt Kezzy was not absent. Curiosity and a vague idea that religion was something supremely respectable, with the fondness natural to her for being wherever many people were assembled, always brought her to the meetings. The landlord, Jim Wren, another confirmed toper, and the two invalids of the village, were now and for many an occasion the only people of Lucky Cove absent from preaching.

The minister had scattered among his audience some dozen copies of the "Village Hymns," and at his request whoever possessed a Bible brought it; aided thus, the congregation joined in the opening services.

A Sabbath stillness reigned about. The sea lay stretched like a sheet of silver before them. The deserted village was soundless behind them. Now and then a gull wheeled close overhead, as if wondering at the concourse on the side of the headland. There was no echo, no answer, save of the voice within the heart, when the preacher said: "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins."

The story of Antioch was repeated in this hamlet by the sea.

When the service was closed, hearts hungering for the Word of Life "besought that these words might be preached to them next Sabbath day." And "now, when the congregation was broken up, many followed" the speaker, "who, speaking unto them, persuaded them to continue in the grace of God."

Left alone at last, the weary preacher, while his hearers dispersed to their homes, seated himself on the side of the headland overlooking the sea, resting body, heart, and brain with that glorious earthly semblance of that "sea of glass mingled with fire," whereon those that have gotten the victory "stand, having the harps of God."

But a heavy step, disturbing the loose earth and stones, broke on his meditation. Tom Epp, with a sailor's easy freedom, dropped down upon a jutting rock beside him. "I say, parson, beside such a One as you told about to-day you make our hearts look pretty black. It seems to me that when a man's lived thirty years in sin, never thinking of God, he's got to be so bad that the only thing for God to do with him is to cast him overboard altogether."

"But that is not our Father's way, Tom. He loveth all the souls that He has made. He is not willing that any should perish. He says, 'Turn ye, for why will ye die? Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow. All day long have I stretched out my hands. Whoso cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' He is waiting to be gracious."

"But, parson, suppose a man like me gets that grace, and then maybe some fate's on him, and he gets idling and drinking, and swearing in his cups, and goes to the dogs—that's worse than the first evil, ain't it, eh?"

"Worse, if it should be, Tom; but Jesus says 'of those that follow Him': 'They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.' 'He that is with us is more than he that is against us.' When we trust in Him, we go to the strong for strength, and thereafter, with all our temptations, 'He will make a way of escape.' When we fall, He will raise us up. We shall no longer walk as one alone, if we take the Lord Jesus for our fellow-traveller."

"But you see, parson, we don't know what's right, and we're used to doing wrong. All our habits are dead agin right-doing."

"But God gives us a clean spirit. He renews our will. He gives us His Holy Word and his teaching Spirit 'to lead us in all truth,' and 'we hear behind us a voice, saying, This is the way; walk ye in it.' He shows the right, and inclines to it; He makes light the dark places; He gives us His orders in every doubt; He comforts us in trouble, saves us in peril, and encourages us in fear."

"Parson," said Tom, with a great light in his eyes, "this is to have a Captain always in command on your quarter-deck."

"Yes, Tom—a Captain who has sailed all seas and tried all storms; who understands every reef and sand and shore of all this troubled ocean; who has the harbour full in view, and will surely guide us safe to port."

There was a long pause; then Tom said: "But, parson, what becomes of those that don't sail with this Captain?"

"Tom," said the parson, pointing to a vessel out at sea, "what course will she take to get into the Cove?"

"She's got to fetch about and sail right in, straight in the middle between the two headlands; that's the only channel."

"Tut, tut, she'd better come in a sharp line from where she is."

"She'd bring up smash agin this rock," said Tom earnestly.

"Oh! a little forward, then, this way," said the parson, marking a line with his cane, "and then she'd get in with less trouble."

"She wouldn't get in at all; there's a reef there, and she'd break upon it. Straight in the middle is her only chance."

"That looks ridiculous," said the parson; "her captain will run her in on a sharp north-west line."

"He won't," cried Tom excitedly; "there wouldn't be three of her timbers holding together in two hours. There ain't a captain on this coast such an awful fool as to try *that.*"

"So, Tom," said the parson, laying his hand on the fisher's arm, "there is but one way of entrance into eternal life; straight is the gate and narrow is the way. Jesus saith, 'By *me* if any man enter in.' 'There is no other name given under heaven whereby men may be saved.' No other captain is there for you but the Captain of the hosts of God; no other entrance to the port of heaven but that He opened with His blood. In God's name I offer you safety, if you sail under His orders; if you refuse, it is your infinite and irreparable folly."

Tom sat for some time, as if watching the distant ship; then, without a word, he rose and walked away. The minister saw him go to the sands, unloose his boat, and put out to sea. He knew well that Tom was bent neither on business nor pleasure. The son of the sea found no place so fitting for the solemn and wonderful thoughts that were rising in his mind as the silence and loneliness of that great waste of waters where he had had his birth.

There was another preaching that evening, and after it, just as the moon was rising, Captain Phil Adams, with Bess by the hand, turned away from the village, and, wandering for a mile along the shore, sat down on the sand above the line of the incoming tide. For a long while the father and daughter sat silent, watching the water slowly rising under the long, bright track of the moonlight. The same mighty sympathy which had ever made it seem as if but one heart beat within these two was between them now, when the grandest question possible to human lives was before them, waiting for an answer. "Bess, my girl," said the captain at last, "I've got new sailing orders for my voyage in life, I never saw it before, Bess, and it's strange enough I didn't; for I've heard preaching, but somehow none that came *right to me.* That's true enough what he told us to-night. We are not our own; we're bought with a price, and it was a wonderful and great price, my girl, calculated to make us set a mighty value on ourselves and our days, for the purpose of serving God. Late for

me it is, but from this hour, child, I sail under new orders. The Lord Jesus is my master and owner, and His Word is my chart, and that heaven he tells us of is the port I'm bound for. So may God help me to hold fast that resolve!"

"Yes, father," said Bess, with that calm determination of speech which characterized her, "I made up my mind to that the first time I heard what he said at Mrs. Wren's. You know he read, 'Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die'; and when I went home, I hunted up grandmother's old Bible, and read more about it, and somehow I believed, and felt sure right away that Jesus cared for me."

"Ah, Bess! my girl," said the captain, laying his broad hand fondly on her flowing hair, "you are only twelve years old. I saw in the Book this afternoon, 'They that seek Me early shall find Me.' I am hard on to fifty, and bring only the remnant of my days to God's service."

At this same hour, in the captain's cottage, Kate had brought out the long-neglected Bible, and by the flaring candle-light was reading the words of life to her eagerly-listening old grandmother; while Mrs. Annie Adams, whose motherly heart yearned over the motherless Lucy Wren, had gone with her to her deserted and forlorn home, and, seated in the darkness of the room whence Sarah had lately passed into glory, these two held sweet communion concerning the kingdom of God.

Lucy Wren had long been learning of the way of life from her mother. In Annie Adams' heart the Lord had a short and a great work to do; He ripens swiftly the grain that is to be early gathered to the garner. "The reapers are the angels." Already had the messengers of God received high commission to go forth to gather both the wheat and the tares; but yet for a little was this end of the world that was coming to some at the Cove delayed, until the voice of the preacher had well proclaimed the glad evangel of the grace of God.

And many heard it. "At eventide it was light" for the old mother of Phil Adams. Master Hastings obeyed the order, "Go into my vineyard," at what then seemed his life's eleventh hour. Captain Adams, mourning much that he had not heard an earlier call, went at the ninth hour to do the bidding of the Lord; while Lucy, and Rolf, and Bess, and Kate remembered "their Creator in the days of their youth." Others there were also who heard with willing ears the things that belonged unto their peace; and yet others in whose hearts the good seed lay a long while dormant, and bore fruit at last. And this is the record of those good days when Bess Adams got the best of her outfitting for her life-cruise.

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnitured and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began.
—*To W. L. Garrison.*

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER III.—JULIUS SANDAL.

Life has a chronology quite independent of the almanac. The heart divides it into periods. When the sheep-shearing had been forgotten by all others, the squire often looked back to it with longing. It was a boundary which he never could repass, and which shut him out forever from the happy days of his daughters' girlhood—the days when they had no will but his will, and no pleasures but in his smile and companionship, His son Harry had never been to him what Sophia and Charlotte were. Harry had spent his boyhood in public schools, and, when his education was completed, had defied all the Sandal traditions, and gone into the army. At this time he was with his regiment—the old Cameronian—in Edinburgh. And in other points, besides his choice of the military profession, Harry had asserted his will against his father's will. But the squire's daughters gave him nothing but delight. He was proud of their beauty, proud of Charlotte's love of out-door pleasures, proud of Sophia's love of books; and he was immeasurably happy in their affection and obedience.

If Sandal had been really a wise man, he would have been content with his good fortune. But he had the self-sufficiency and impatience of a man who is without peer in his own small arena. He believed himself to be as capable of ordering his daughters' lives as of directing his sheep "walks," or the change of crops in his valley and upland meadows.

Suddenly it had been revealed to him, that Stephen Latrigg had found his way into a life he thought wholly his own. Until that moment of revelation he had liked Stephen; but he liked him no longer. He felt that Stephen had stolen the privilege he should have asked for, and he deeply resented the position the young man had taken. On the contrary, Stephen had been guilty of no intentional wrong. He had simply grown into an affection too sweet to be spoken of, too uncertain and immature to be subjected to the prudential rules of daily life, yet, had the question been plainly put to him, he would have gone at once to the squire, and said, "I love Charlotte, and I ask for your sanction to my love." He would have felt such an acknowledgment to be the father's most sacred and evident right, and he was thinking of making it at the very hour in which Sandal was feeling bitterly toward him for its omission. And thus the old, old tragedy of mutual misunderstanding works to sorrowful ends.

The night of the sheep-shearing the squire could not sleep. To lay awake and peer into the future through the dark hours was a new experience, and it made him full of restless anxieties. Of course he expected Sophia and Charlotte to marry, but not just yet. He had so far persistently postponed the consideration of

this subject, and he was angry at Stephen Latrigg for showing him that further delay might be dangerous to his own plans.

"A presumptuous young coxcomb," he muttered. "Does he think that being 'top-shearer' gives him a right to make love to Charlotte Sandal?"

In the morning he wrote the following letter:—

NEPHEW JULIUS SANDAL,—I hear you are at Oxford, and I should think you would wish to make the acquaintance of your nearest relatives. They will be glad to see you at Seat-Sandal during the vacation, if your liking leads you that way. To hear soon from you is the hope of your affectionate uncle,

WILLIAM SANDAL, *of Sandal-Side.*

He finished the autograph with a broad flourish, and handed the paper to his wife. "What do you think of that, Alice? Eh? What?"

There was a short silence, then Mrs. Sandal laid the note upon the table. "I don't think over much of it, William. Good-fortune won't bear hurrying. Can't you wait till events ripen naturally?"

"And have all my plans put out of the way?"

"Are you sure that your plans are the best plans?"

"They will be a bit better than any Charlotte and Stephen Latrigg have made."

"I don't believe they have such a thing as a plan between them. But if you think so, send Charlotte to her aunt Lockerby for a few months. Love is just like fire: it goes out if it hasn't fuel."

"Nay, I want Charlotte here. After our Harry, Julius is the next heir, and I'm set on him marrying one of the girls. If he doesn't like Sophia he may like Charlotte. I have two chances, then, and I'm not going to throw one away for Steve Latrigg's liking or loving. Don't you see, Alice? Eh? What?"

"No: I never was one to see beyond the horizon. But if you must have to-morrow in to-day, why then send off your letter. I would let 'well' alone. When change comes to the door, it is time enough to ask it over the threshold. We are very happy now, William, and every happy day is so much certain gain in life."

"That is a woman's way of talking. A man looks for the future."

"And how seldom does he get what he looks for. But I know you, William Sandal. You will take your own way, be it good or bad; and what is more, you will make others take it with you."

"I am inviting my own nephew, Alice. Eh? What?"

"You know nothing about it. There are kin that are not kindred. You are inviting you know not who or what. But,"—and she pushed the letter towards him, with a gesture which seemed to say, "I am not responsible for the consequences."

The squire after a moment's thought accepted them. He went into the yard, humming a strain of "The Bay of Biscay," and gave the letter to a groom, with orders to take it at once to the post-office. Then he called Charlotte from the rose-walk. "The horses are saddled," he said, "and I want you to trot over to Dalton with me."

Mrs. Sandal had gone to her eldest daughter. She was in the habit of seeking Sophia's advice; or, more strictly speaking, she liked to discuss with her the things she had already determined to do. Sophia was sitting in the coolest and prettiest of gowns, working out with elaborate care a pencil drawing of Rydal Mount. She listened to her mother with the utmost respect and attention, and her fine colour brightened slightly at the mention of Julius Sandal.

"And so you see, Sophia, we may have a strange young man in the house for weeks, and where to put him I can't decide. I am sure if Julius is like *his* father, he'll be no blessing in a house, for I have heard your grandmother speak in such a way of her son Tom."

"I thought uncle Tom was grandmother's favourite."

"I mean of his high temper and fine ways, and his quarrels with his eldest brother, Launcelot."

"Oh! What did they quarrel about?"

"A good many things; among the rest, about the Latriggs. There was more than one pretty girl at Up-Hill then, and the young men all knew it. Tom and his mother were always finger and thumb. He was her youngest boy, and she fretted after him all her life."

"And uncle Launcelot, did she not fret for him?"

"Not so much. Launcelot was the eldest, and very set in his own way: she couldn't order him around."

"The eldest? Then father would not have been squire of Sandal-Side if Launcelot had lived?"

"No, indeed. Launcelot's death made a deal of difference to your father and me. Father was very solemn and set about his brother's rights; and even after grandfather died he didn't like to be called 'squire' until every hope was long gone. But I would as soon have thought of poor Launcie coming back from the dead as of Tom's son visiting here; and it is inconvenient right now, exceedingly so; harvesting coming on, and preserving time, and none of the spare rooms opened since the spring cleaning.".

"It is trying for you, mother, but perhaps Julius may not be very much trouble. He'll be with father all the time, and he'll make a change."

"Change! That is just what I dread. Young people are always for change. They are certain that every change must be a gain. Old people know that changes mean loss of some kind or other. After one is forty years old, Sophia, the seasons bring changes enough."

"I dare say they do, mother. I don't care much for change, even at my age. Have you told Charlotte?"

"No, I haven't told her yet. I think she is off to Dalton. Father said he was going this morning, and he never would go without her."

Indeed, the squire and his younger daughter were at that moment cantering down the valley. They had not gone very far before they met Stephen Latrigg. He was well mounted and

handsomely dressed; and, as he bowed to the squire and Charlotte, his happy face expressed a delight which Sandal in his present mood felt to be offensive. Evidently Steve intended to accompany them as far as their roads were identical; but the squire pointedly drew reign, and by the cool civility of his manner made the young man so sensible of his intrusion, that he had no alternative but to take the hint. He looked at Charlotte with eyes full of tender reproach, and she was too unprepared for such a speedy termination to their meeting to oppose it. So Stephen was galloping at headlong speed in advance, before she had realized that he had been virtually refused their company.

"Father, why did you do that?"

"Do what, Charlotte? Eh? What?"

"Send Steve away. I am sure I do not know what to make of you doing such a thing. Poor Steve!"

"Well, then, I had my reason for it. Did you see the way he looked at you? Eh? What?"

"Dear me! A cat may look at a king. Did you send Steve away for a look? You have put me about, father."

"There's looks and other looks, my lass. Cats don't look at kings the way Steve looked at you. Now, then, I want no love-making between you and Steve Latrigg."

"What nonsense! Steve hasn't said a word of love-making, as you call it."

"I thought you had all your woman-senses, Charlotte. Bethink you of the garden walk lost night.

"We were talking all the time of the sweet-briar and hollyhocks—and things like that."

"You might have talked of the days of the week or the multiplication-table: one kind of words was just as good as another. Any thing Steve said last night could have been spelled with four letters."

"Four letters?"

"To be sure. L-o-v-e."

"You used to like Stephen."

"I like all bright, honest, good lads; but when they want to make love to Miss Charlotte Sandal, they think one thing, and I think another. There has been ill-luck with love-making between the Sandals and the Latriggs. My brothers, Launcie and Tom, quarrelled about one of Barf Latrigg's daughters, and mother lost them both through her. There is no love-line between the two houses, or if there is, nothing can make it run straight. Don't you try to, Charlotte; neither the dead nor the living will like it or have it."

He intended then to tell her about Julius Sandal, but a look at her face checked him. He had a wise perception about women; and he reflected that he had very seldom repented of speaking too little to them, but very often repented of saying too much. So he dropped Stephen, and dropped Julius; and began to talk about the fish in the becks and tarns. Ere long they came into the rich valley of Furness: and he made her notice the difference between

it and the vale of Esk and Duddon, with its dreary waste of sullen moss and unfruitful solitudes.

In the meantime the letter which was to summon Fate sped to its destination. When it arrived in Oxford, Julius had left Oxford for London, and it followed him there. He was sitting in his hotel the ensuing night, when it was delivered into his hands; and as it happened, he was in a mood most favourable to its success. As he sat down cowering before the smoking fire, the rain plashed in the muddy streets, and dripped mournfully down the dim window-panes. He was wondering what he must do with himself during the long vacation. He was tired of the Continent, he was lonely in England; and the United States had not then become the great playground for earth's weary or curious children.

Many times the idea of seeking out his own relations occurred to him. He had promised his father to do so. But, as a rule, people haven't much enthusiasm about unknown relations; and Julius regarded his promise more in the light of a duty to be performed than as the realization of a pleasure. Still, on that dreary night, in the solitary dulness of his very respectable inn, the Sandals, Lockerbys, and Piersons became three possible sources of interest. While his thoughts were drifting in this direction, the squire's letter was received; and the young man, who was something of a fatalist, accepted it as the solution of a difficulty.

"Sandal turns the new leaf for me," he murmured; "the new leaf in the book of life. I wonder what story will be written in it."

He answered the invitation while the enthusiasm of its reception swayed him, and he promised to follow the letter immediately. The squire received this information on Saturday night, as he was sitting with his wife and daughters. "Your nephew, Julius Sandal, from Calcutta, is coming to pay us a visit, Alice," he said; and his air was that of a man who thinks he is communicating a piece of startling intelligence. But the three women had already exchanged every possible idea on the subject, and felt no great interest in its further discussion.

"When is he coming?" asked Mrs. Sandal, without enthusiasm; and Sophia supplemented the question by remarking, "I suppose he has nowhere else to go."

"I wouldn't say such things, Sophia; I would not."

"He has been in England some months, father."

"Well, then, he was only waiting till he was asked to come. I'm sure that was a proper thing. If there is any blame between us, it is my fault. I sent him a word of welcome last Wednesday morning, and it is very likely he will be here to-morrow. I'm sure he hasn't let any grass grow under his feet. Eh? What?"

Charlotte looked up quickly. "*Wednesday morning.*" She was quite capable of putting this and that together, and by a momentary mental process she arrived at an exceedingly correct estimate of her father's invitation. Her blue eyes scintillated beneath her dropped lids; and, though she went calmly on tying the feather to the fishing-fly she was making, she said, in a hurried

and unsteady voice, "I know he will be disagreeable, and I have made up my mind to dislike him."

Julius Sandal arrived the next morning when the ladies were preparing for church. He had passed the night at Ambleside, and driven over to Sandal in the first cool hours of the day. The squire was walking about the garden, and he saw the carriage enter the park gates. He said nothing to anyone, but laid down his pipe, and went to meet it. Then Julius made the first step towards his uncle's affection—he left the vehicle when they met, and insisted upon walking by his side.

When they reached the house, they entered the great hall together. At that moment Mistress Charlotte's remarkable likeness seemed to force itself upon the squire's attention. He was unable to resist the impulse which made him lead his nephew up to it. "Let me introduce you, first of all, to your father's mother. I greet you in her name as well as my own." As he spoke, the squire lifted his hat, and Julius did the same. It was a sudden, and to both men a quite unexpected, ceremonial; and it gave an air, touching and unusual, to his welcome.

And if that man is an ingrate who does not love his native land, how much more *immediate,* tender, and personal must the feeling be for the *home* of one's own race. That stately lady, who seemed to meet him at the threshold, was only the last of a long, shadowy line, whose hands were stretched out to him, even from the dark, forgotten days in which Logberg Sandal laid the foundations of it. Julius was sensitive, and full of imagination; he felt his heart beat quick, and his eyes grow dim to the thought; and he loitered up the wide, low steps, feeling very like a man going up the phantom stairway of a dream.

The squire's cheery voice broke the spell. "We shall be ready for church in a quarter of an hour, Julius; will you remain at home, or go with us?"

"I should like to go with you."

"That's good. It is but a walk through the park; the church is almost at its gates."

When he returned to the hall, the family were waiting for him; Mrs. Sandal and her daughters standing together in a little group, the squire walking leisurely about with his hands crossed behind his back. It would have been to some men a rather trying ordeal to descend the long flight of stairs, with three pairs of ladies' eyes watching him; but Julius knew that he had a striking personal appearance, and that every appointment of his toilet was faultless. He knew also the value of the respectable middle-aged valet following him and felt that his irreproachable manner of serving his hat and gloves was a satisfactory reflection of his own importance.

It is the women of a family that give tone and place to it. One glance at his aunt and cousins satisfied Julius. Mrs. Sandal was stately and comely, and had the quiet manners of a high-bred woman. Sophia, in white mull, with a large hat covered with white drooping feathers, and a glimmer of gold at her throat and

wrists, was at least picturesque. Of Charlotte, he saw nothing in the first moments of their meeting but a pair of bright blue eyes, and a face as sweet and fresh as if it had been made out of a rose. He took his place between the girls, and the squire and his wife walked behind them. Sophia, being the eldest, took the initiative, talking softly and thoughtfully, as it was proper to do upon a Sunday morning.

The sods under their feet were thick and green; the oaks and sycamores above them had the broad shadows of many centuries. The air was balmy with emanations from the woods and fields, and full of the expanding melody of church-bells travelling from hill to hill. Julius was conscious of everything; even of the proud, shy girl who walked on his left hand, and whose attitude impressed him as slightly antagonistic. They soon reached the church, a very ancient one, built in the stormy days of the Plantagenets by the two knights whose grim effigies kept guard within the porch. It was dim and still when they entered; the congregation all kneeling at the solemn confession; the clergyman's voice, low and pathetic, intensifying silence to which it only added mortal minors of lament and entreaty. He was a small, spare man, with a face almost as white as the vesture of his holy office. Julius glanced up at him, and for a few minutes forgot all his dreamy philosophies, aggressive free thought and shallow infidelities. He could not resist the influences around him; and when the people rose, and the organ filled the silence with melody, and a young sweet voice chanted joyfully—

"O come let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

"Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving: and show ourselves glad in Him with Psalms,"—

he turned round and looked up to the singer, with a heart beating to every triumphant note. Then he saw it was Charlotte Sandal; and he did not wonder at the hearty way in which the squire joined in the melodious invocation, nor at his happy face, nor at his shining eyes; and he said to himself with a sigh, "That is a Psalm one could sing oftener than once in seven days."

He had not noticed Charlotte much as they went to the church: he amended his error as he returned to the "seat." And he thought that the old sylvan goddesses must have been as she was; must have had just the same fresh faces, and bright brown hair; just the same tall, erect forms and light steps; just the same garments of mingled wood-colours and pale green.

The squire had a very complacent feeling. He looked upon Julius as a nephew of his own discovering, and he felt something of a personal pride in all that was excellent in the young man. He watched impatiently for his wife to express her satisfaction, but Mrs. Sandal was not yet sure that she had any good reason to express it.

"Is he not handsome, Alice?"

"Some people would think so, William. I like a face I can read."

"I'm sure it is a long way better to keep yourself to yourself. Say what you will, I am sure he will have plenty of good qualities. Eh? What?"

"For instance, a great deal of money."

"Treat him fair, Alice; treat him fair. You never were one to be unfair, and I don't think you'll begin with my nephew."

"No, I'll never be unfair, not as long as I live; and I'll take up for Julius Sandal as soon as I am half sure he deserves it."

"You can't think what a pleasure it would be to me if he fancied one of our girls. I've planned it this many a long day, Alice."

"Well, then, William, if you have a wish as strong as that, it is something more than a wish, it is a kind of right; and I'll never go against you in any fair matter."

"And though you spoke scornful of money, it is a good thing; and the girl Julius marries will be a rich woman. Eh? What?"

"Perhaps; but it is the happiness and not the riches of her child that is a good mother's reward, and a good father's too. Eh, William?"

"Certainly, Alice, certainly." But his unspoken reflection was, "women are that short-sighted, they cannot put up with a small evil to prevent a big one."

He had forgotten that "the wise One" and the "Counsellor" thought one day's joys and sorrows "sufficient" for the heart to bear.

ANALOGY.

BY MRS. S. E. KENNEDY.

WHERE rosy dawn ne'er introduced
The noontide's golden light,
Or sunset glories ushered in
The messengers of night,
Where cruel darkness reigned supreme
O'er life, the only good,
To ocean's floor securely chained
The fluted crinoid stood.

Quaint were these 'prisoned plant-like forms
Endowed with sentient life,
And very drear the dark abode
Where fear and want were rife.
But beautiful the sculptured urns
On gently waving stems,
Which held within their channelled reins
The whole of life to them.

Look up, my soul! Such rayless depths
Were never meant for thee.
Such caverns of Cimmerean gloom
Thy home should never be.
Eyes formed for light were never meant
In starless night to grope.
Look up, and claim your birthright now,
Ye prisoner of hope.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. PETER.

THE GREAT THEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY W. M. CROOK.

We live in an age of wonderful discoveries. At no period of history have the secrets of the world been given up in such astonishing numbers. Astronomy, geology, archæology, and hypnotism are furnishing results that are simply extraordinary in their significance and dazzling in their rapidity. As day by day we open our newspapers, the Laureate's words come ringing in our ears:

"A thousand things are hidden still,
And not a hundred known."

The most interesting to Biblical students of the more recent revelations of the past are the fragments of apocryphal books which have been published just recently. By the time these lines are in print, all the world will be talking of "The Gospel of Peter" and "The Apocalypse of Peter." This manuscript was discovered so long ago as the winter of 1886-87 at Akhmim, in Upper Egypt, in a Christian tomb.

The Gospel of St. Peter is mentioned by several early Christian writers. The fragment begins abruptly thus:

"But of the Jews no one washed his hands, neither Herod, nor any of His judges, even of those who wished to wash. Pilate rose up, and then Herod the king ordered the Lord to be seized, saying to them, 'All that I ordered you to do, do to Him.' Now came there Joseph, the friend of Pilate and of the Lord, and, having learned that they were about to crucify Him, he went to Pilate and begged the body of the Lord for burial. And Pilate having sent to Herod, asked for His body, and Herod said, 'Brother Pilate, although no one had asked for Him, we should have buried Him, since the Sabbath is dawning; for it has been written in the law that the sun should not go down on one who has been put to death on the eve of the Feast of Unleavened Bread'—their festival. But those who had seized the Lord were pushing Him, while they ran, and were saying, 'We have found the Son of God, having got power over Him,' and they proceeded to throw a purple robe round Him, and sat Him on a seat of judgment, saying, 'Judge righteously, O King of Israel;' and one of them bringing a crown of thorns, placed it on the head of the Lord, and others, standing, were spitting on His eyes, and others struck His cheeks, others were prodding Him with a reed, and some were scourging Him saying, 'With this honour let us honour the Son of God.' And they brought two malefactors and crucified the Lord between them. But He Himself held His peace, as if He had no pain; and when they had erected the cross they wrote on it, 'This is the King of Israel,' and, having placed His garments before it [or 'Him'] they distributed them and cast a lot for them. But one of those malefactors reproached them, saying, 'We have suffered thus on account of the sins which we have committed, but this man, being the Saviour of mankind, what wrong has He done you?' And, being enraged at Him, they ordered that His legs should not be broken, in order that He might die in torture. Now it was noon, and darkness covered all Judæa, and they were thrown into confusion, and were distressed, lest perchance the sun were going down when He was yet alive. It has been written for them that the sun should not go down on one who has been put to death. And one of them said, 'Give Him to drink gall (hemlock?) along with vinegar,' and, having mixed it, they gave Him to drink, and fulfilled all things, and accomplished their sins on their head. But many were going about with torches (lamps), thinking that it was night,

and they fell. And the Lord cried out, saying, 'My Power, My Power, Thou hast left Me,' and having said this, He was taken up, and at the same hour the veil of the Temple of Jerusalem was rent in twain. And then they took out the nails from the hands of the Lord, and placed Him on the ground, and all the ground was shaken, and great fear arose. Then the sun shone, and it was found to be the ninth hour. But the Jews rejoiced, and gave His body to Joseph, in order that he might bury it, since he had seen all the good things that He had done. But having taken the Lord, he bathed Him and wrapped Him in a fine linen cloth, and brought Him into his own tomb, called Joseph's Garden. Then the Jews and the Elders and the Priests, having seen what an injury they had done to themselves, began to beat their breasts, and to say, 'Woe to our sins, the judgment and the end of Jerusalem have come near.' But I, with my companions, was grieved, and being wounded in mind, we hid ourselves, for we were being sought for by them as malefactors, and as wishing to burn the Temple. But for all these things we fasted, and we were sitting down mourning and lamenting night and day until the Sabbath. But the Scribes and Pharisees and Elders being gathered together to one another, having heard that all the people were murmuring and were beating their breasts, saying, 'If these very great signs happened by reason of His death, see ye how righteous He is,' the Elders were afraid, and came to Pilate, begging of him and saying, 'Give us soldiers that we may guard His tomb for three days, lest haply His disciples coming may steal Him, and lest the people may suppose that He has risen from the dead, and lest they may do harm to us.' And Pilate gave them Petronius, the centurion, with soldiers to guard the tomb, and with them came Elders and Scribes to the tomb, and having rolled a great stone by the aid of the centurion and the soldiers, all those who were there together placed it at the door of the tomb, and put on it seven seals, and having fixed a tent, there they kept guard. But early, when the Sabbath was dawning, came a crowd from Jerusalem and the neighbourhood in order that they might see the tomb sealed. But on the night on which the Lord's Day was dawning, when the soldiers were guarding it two by two on guard, a loud voice was heard in the heaven, and they saw the heavens opened and two men coming down thence with much light and standing at the tomb. But that stone which was put at the door being rolled away of itself, partly withdrew, and the tomb opened and both the young men went in. Then those soldiers seeing them roused the centurion and the Elders (for they also were present, keeping guard themselves), and when they related what they had seen, again they see coming forth from the tomb three men, and the two supporting the one, and a cross following them, and of the two the head reached up to heaven, but the hand of him supported by them overpassed the heavens, and they heard a voice from the heavens, saying, 'Hast thou preached to them that sleep?' And an answer was heard from the cross, 'Yea!' Accordingly they considered with one another about going away, and showing these things to Pilate, and while they were yet deliberating, the heavens again appeared open and a man appeared descending and entering the tomb. Those who were round the centurion 'seeing these things' hastened to Pilate by night. leaving the tomb which they were guarding, and they related all things which they had seen, being greatly distressed thereat, and saying, 'Truly He was the Son of God.' Pilate answering said, 'I am pure from the blood of the Son of God, but to you this seemed good.' Then all going to him begged him and exhorted him to order the centurion and the soldiers to say nothing of what they had seen. 'For,' they said, 'it is enough for us to have committed a very great sin before God without falling into the hands of the people of the Jews and being stoned to death.' Then Pilate ordered the centurion and the soldiers to say nothing. Now when the Lord's Day

dawned, Mary Magdalene, a disciple of the Lord, who, being afraid on account of the Jews since they were ablaze with anger, had not done at the tomb of the Lord what the women are accustomed to do for those who are dead and for those who are loved by them, taking with her her friends, came to the tomb where He was laid. And they were afraid lest the Jews should see them, and they kept saying, 'Since on that day on which He was crucified we were not able to weep and beat our breasts, even now let us do these things at His tomb. But who will roll away for us the stone which was placed at the door of the tomb in order that going in we may place ourselves beside Him and perform the rites? For the stone was great, and we are afraid lest some one may see us, and lest we shall not be able. And if we throw down at the door the things which we bear for a memorial of Him, we shall weep and beat our breasts till we come to our house.' And going away they found the tomb opened, and, approaching it, they stooped sideways there, and saw a young man seated in the middle of the tomb, beautiful, and clothed in a shining garment, who said to them, 'Why did you come? whom do you seek? is it not Him who was crucified? He has risen, and has gone away. But if you do not believe, stoop down and see the place where He lay, that He is not here. For He has risen, and is gone away to that place whence He was sent forth.' Then the women, being frightened, fled. Now it was the last day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread, and many went away, returning to their homes, the festival being ended. But we, the twelve disciples of the Lord, were weeping and grieving; and each grieving on account of what had taken place, departed to his home. But I, Simon Peter, and Andrew my brother, having taken our nets, went away to the sea, and there was with us Levi, the son of Alphæus, whom the Lord—" (here the fragment ends abruptly).

The above is a bald and literal reproduction of one of the most interesting discoveries of this century—or of any other. It raises within us keen expectations of what the tombs of Egypt may yet give us. Who knows?

Mr. Robinson, the learned Cambridge editor, draws attention to several passages which support the statement that this Gospel was an apocryphal book used by the Docetæ. They held that there were two Christs, one human and one Divine, and that the Divine Christ descended on the human in the form of a dove at the baptism and ascended at the crucifixion. The strange rendering, "My Power, My Power," bears this out. So do the two passages, "As if He had no pain" and "He was taken up," though it is only fair to say, in both these passages the text may be corrupt; in the former it probably is so.

One other singularly valuable point has been brought out by the scholarly Cambridge editor. He has printed in the margin of his text references to all the four Gospels, where the writer of this apocryphal book has used an expression *peculiar* to one of the four writers. From an analysis of these marginal references, we find that he uses such expressions of St. Matthew six times, of St. Mark five, of St. Luke nine, and of St. John eleven, besides other references. This is a strong argument to prove that the Gospel of St. John had at least equal acceptance with the synoptics when this Gospel was written. But when was it written? It must have been well known when Serapion was Bishop of Antioch. "We need not be surprised if further evidence shall tend to place this Gospel nearer to the beginning than to the middle of the second century." If this be established, Professor Harnack was not far wrong in supposing that this fragment would be of immense value as a contribution to New Testament criticism. If so early a date can be proved, what will become of the Tübingen school?—*Review of the Churches.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

In five years the West London Mission has grown from no members to 1,500 communicants. Upwards of 8,000 persons worship in its halls every Sunday. There are 5 ministers, 3 lay agents, and over 30 "Sisters of the People."

Rev. Peter Thompson has opened a labour bureau and registry office in connection with the Central Mission premises. Many workingmen have thus found employment; many young girls, too, have been placed under kind mistresses willing to train them, and many destitute persons succoured.

Five young men, *Joyful News* evangelists, were entertained at a farewell meeting in London, in December, prior to their departure to India. One of them was a son of the Rev. T. Champness. Several other similar services have recently been held.

The *Methodist Recorder*, of London, stated that 4,000 missionary meetings were to be held in November.

The Home Mission Report contains some strange facts. For instance, in the northern section of England, there are 2,119 villages in which there are two Methodist Churches, and in 207 there were three or more varieties of Methodism. In the southern section, including the rest of England, there are 849 villages with two Methodist Churches, and 97 with three or four more. There are also many villages where Methodism is not represented at all. Methodist union will cure that ere long.

The Manchester Mission has had a marvellously prosperous year. In six years the membership has increased from 60 to 1,500, and a number of congregations amounting to 7,000 persons. There are various departments, such as men's home, workshop, food department, labour bureau, servants' registry, girls' institutes, gymnasium, Gospel temperance concerts, savings bank, and other forms of Christian enterprise, among which is a Cottage Mission among the slums. There have been several revivals.

It has been thought to be a "sign of the times" that so many Methodists have been elected to public life, and the statement has been published that for the first time a Methodist is a member of the English Cabinet; but this is a mistake, for when Lord Palmerston was Premier, Sir W. Atherton, a minister's son, was solicitor-general. The Hon. H. H. Fowler is the second Methodist who has been a member of the Cabinet, and the new parliament will contain a larger number of Methodists than ever sat in the House of Commons before.

A "Roumanian Memorial Fund" is to be established, to consist at least of $2,500, out of which shall be paid the money which Mrs. Burgess collected for mission purposes in India, but which was lost when the vessel was wrecked; also a suitable memorial in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, and the furthering of the work in Secunderabad in which Mrs. Burgess was specially interested.

There is an increase in the ordinary income at the mission house of $10,000 up to the same date in last year.

Oxford Place Chapel, Leeds, a time-honoured sanctuary, is to be converted into a mission hall with extensive premises, similar to those in Manchester, Birmingham, and other places, at a cost of $75,000.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Buffalo Methodists propose to give $10,000 this year for local missionary work. At a banquet of the Methodist Union, one-half of the amount was raised.

A meeting of unusual interest was held in New York prior to the reembarkation of Bishop Thoburn for India, with twenty-two missionaries who composed the party. Four of the number are Quakers, two were women going to join their husbands, and two families were going for the first time to India. This is the largest missionary party that has ever been sent from New York at the same time.

A revival and mission movement similar to the "Forward Movement" has been inaugurated in New York. The Union Square theatre was the place of the first meeting. Rev. C. H. Yatman, who is a well-known evangelist, is in charge of the mission. Great hopes are entertained respecting the mission.

Bishop Joyce has returned from Europe. At all the conferences at which he presided, evangelistic services were held and a great number of persons professed conversion. The Bishop thinks that the various mission fields which he visited are ripening for a pentecostal season.

This Church sends out missionary pamphlets and periodicals in nine different languages. It preaches and teaches the Gospel in India and other parts of Asia in thirteen different languages, and has 29,000 native pupils in India.

A fine property for a Methodist Hospital and Deaconess Home has been purchased by the Gamble family on Mount Auburn, Cincinnati. The property cost $75,000 and is worth twice the sum. There are thirty-four deaconesses connected with the Home, which contains over sixty rooms, and two large frame residences.

Here is the result of one year's work in Syracuse, by the deaconesses: 2,200 homes have been visited; over 500 children have been gathered into the different church and mission schools of this city; 900 garments have been carried to homes of sickness and want; bedding and delicacies, fruit and flowers, have all been provided, and 180 special revival services were held.

An Illinois lady purposes to erect a Deaconess Home at Wuhu, in Central China.

A German Methodist church has been dedicated in New York city at a cost of $61,000.

Chicago Methodism contains nearly 18,000 members, made up of Bohemians, French, Germans, Norwegians, Danes, and English. The number takes in one to every seventy of the population. Clark Street Church fund gives $30,000 annually for church extension. There is also a training school for city, home, and foreign missionaries, the Deaconess Home and Wesley Hospital.

The American University, Washington, under Bishop Hurst, is progressing. The land, which cost $100,000, could be sold for $500,000. The public archives which will be at the disposal of the students are worth $100,000,000. The government expends $3,000,000 for the care and increase of the archives. The university need never buy a book or geological specimen, for Washington is a renowned scientific centre. Mrs. General Logan, President of the University League, has undertaken to raise $1,000,000 from the women of the country for the university.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

At Brazil Mission Conference, two young men, an Englishman and an Irishman, were received on trial, and five were ordained. The growth of the mission is good in all directions.

Dr. W. M. Leftwich is seeking to raise $1,000,000 for the further development of Vanderbilt University at Nashville.

The proposal of Mr. N. Duke, of North Carolina, to insure the lives of fifty men for $10,000 each and keep up these policies until the fifty men die and the college gets $500,000 endowment thereby, providing all

North Carolina Methodism will raise $10,000 annually to pay the expenses of the college, meets with great favour. Half the amount is already raised.

Mrs. Bishop Wightman is raising money for the endowment of Olin lectureship in the Woman's Training College. She appeared before one of the Southern Conferences and appealed to the members to preach one sermon each for the object. She especially stipulated that it should be a *new* sermon.

Bishop Galloway has invited Bishop Andrews, of the Northern Church, to be his guest when the latter goes south to hold his conferences in Louisiana.

A well-known military officer states that out of 125 treaties made between the Government and the Indians, all had been broken by the United States Government.

Bishop Ninde, speaking of the doctrine of holiness at the Indian Conference, said, "There never was a time when this flower of Christian doctrine needed to be preached more pointedly and clearly than to-day."

Primitive Methodist.

Rev. T. Jackson, Clapton Mission, and friends, visited 614 families and found 540 who attend no place of worship. The houses are crowded by people who obtain a wretched living by vice and crime.

The Jubilee fund is progressing. Hull has promised $5,000. It is hoped the $250,000 will be raised by the conference.

A united temperance demonstration was held at Nottingham, when the presidents of all the branches of Methodism delivered addresses. Rev. C. H. Kelley, Wesleyan Book Steward, has published in his calendar for 1893, the portraits of all the Methodist Presidents.

The Methodist Church.

Recent letters from the mission in China ask for more labourers to be sent to that new field.

The Indian Institute at Chilliwhack, British Columbia, will soon be erected. It will have accommodation for 100 resident pupils, and will cost $18,500, which will be divided between the General Missionary Society and the Woman's Missionary Society, less any grants that may be made by the Indian department.

Great sympathy has been aroused on behalf of the Rev. John Nelson, missionary at Red Deer, Saskatchewan District, whose house and all its contents, including a valuable library, was recently destroyed by fire. Books or financial aid will be received for him at the Mission Rooms, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

Rev. John Potts, D.D., like the Rev. Wesley Guard, has had another opportunity of manifesting his love to his own Church and also to his country, by refusing to accept a call from Mount Vernon Methodist Church, Baltimore. Mr. Guard has been invited to the said church three times.

The amount contributed on behalf of the Newfoundland Methodists and sent through the Rev. Wm. Briggs, D.D., is nearly $9,000.

Churches have been dedicated at the following circuits: Tweed, Omemee, Stouffville, Enterprise, Windsor, Glencoe, and probably some others which we have inadvertently overlooked.

Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria University, is doing a good work on behalf of the Sunday-school teachers and others in Toronto, by delivering lectures on the International Lessons on Thursday evenings in the college chapel.

Mr. H. A. Massey has set another example to our rich men by contributing $100,000 towards the erection of a large music hall in Toronto.

The friends of temperance have many discouragements to contend against. Lately the license commissioners of Toronto have transferred two hotel licenses to localities where clergymen, and many other respectable resident citizens, entreated them not to commit such an outrage.

A unique religious service was held in November last, in Bridge Street Church, Belleville, when the

venerable Dr. Jeffers, now in the 57th year of his ministry, preached a sermon of remarkable power. As the occasion was styled "Old People's Day," a better choice of preacher could not well have been made. The doctor was pastor here in 1841 and in 1880. The old people flocked to church in great numbers, and the occasion was indeed a memorable one.

The congregation of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, during Christmas week, fed 240 hungry persons, and afterwards entertained them with music and recitations.

Recent Deaths.

Eighteen Primitive Methodist ministers have died since Conference, four of whom were in the active work, and fourteen superannuates.

Rev. C. A. Gamboa, of the M. E. Church, Mexico Mission, finished his course last November. He was a member of the last General Conference. His path was often beset with peril, but he never shrank from danger. Once as he was going to an appointment, he was shot at by an assassin and received a wound, but he never hesitated respecting duty. Soon after his return home from his last journey, he was seized with the yellow fever, and in a few days he was not, for God took him.

Rev. W. P. Corbitt, of the M. E. Church, died in December, 1892, in the city of Brooklyn. Few ministers were better known as faithful in the pastorate, or successful in evangelistic labours. Dr. Prime, editor of the *Observer*, said, "Mortal man never was more eloquent than he, in some of his passages, and no actor could be more dramatic." Bishop James pronounced him "the most awakening preacher he ever heard."

Rev. D. C. Clappison. This excellent brother, who has been in the ministry since 1844, went home to heaven a few hours before the year 1892 expired. Bro. Clappison was a good man, fearless in his denunciation of wrong-doing, regarded by some as a little stern or brusque, but, to those who knew him best, he was meek and lamb-like. It was my privilege to succeed him on several circuits, and I always found him to have been a man of blameless character.

MAGAZINE PREMIUMS.

Agents intending to compete for Chambers' Cyclopedia (new edition), or Special Elgin Watch or other premiums for securing new subscriptions or renewals for this magazine as described in advertising page of this number, will please remember that it will be necessary to signify their intention to the publisher by the 1st of February. They will have to March 25th to complete their lists. The Olive wood premiums have at length arrived.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book Room,
Toronto.

Baron Von Liebig says cocoa is "a perfect food, as wholesome as delicious, a beneficient restorer of exhausted power; but its quality must be good, and it must be carefully prepared. It is highly nourishing and easily digested, and is fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health, and prolong life. It agrees with dry temperaments and convalescents; with mothers who nurse their children; with those whose occupations oblige them to undergo severe mental strains; with public speakers, and with all those who give to work a portion of the time needed for sleep. It soothes both stomach and brain, and for this reason, as well as for others, it is the best friend of those engaged in literary pursuits." Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is warranted absolutely pure.

Book Notices.

English Hymns: their Authors and History. By SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD. Third edition, revised and corrected. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. 8vo., pp. 675. Price, $3.00.

Great hymns have been one of the chief agents in the spread of Christian doctrine and the moral uplifting of the race. It was on the wings of the Scripture carols sung by Luther, that the Reformation largely won its way throughout Europe. It was the soul-stirring hymns of Charles Wesley, more than any other agency, which contributed to the spread of the new evangel of Methodism and to the doctrinal integrity of the Methodist Church throughout the world. The Sankey hymns have sung themselves around the globe, and in many lands and in many tongues have been teaching the Gospel of salvation.

While many of these hymns are ephemeral, yet others are, indeed, "hymns of the ages," destined to live while time shall last. To have written a great hymn like Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or Toplady's "Rock of Ages," is to have conferred an unspeakable benefit to mankind. Small wonder that hymnology has ever been a favourite study of devout minds, and never more so than at the present time. Dr. Duffield, by poetic temperament, by spiritual insight, by fine literary taste, was especially qualified for writing the work before us. We have previously reviewed in this magazine his able book on Latin hymns. He here renders the same service to the classic hymns of the English tongue. He has given a brief biography of the great hymn writers of Christendom, traced the history of their hymns and quoted many interesting incidents of their effects.

It adds new zest to our enjoyment of these grand old hymns to know what manner of men and women they were by whom they were written, and the peculiar circumstances of their inspiration. We wish that we had known, when we visited the convent of Mar Saba, near the Dead Sea, that the exquisite hymn, "Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid," was written in one of its cells in the eighth century.

Some of Dr. Duffield's own translations are exceedingly happy, as is that of the grandest hymn of the German tongue, "Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott." "I have only plucked a few flowers," he says, "from the outer limits of that great garden of Christian biography. I trust there is more light to break across this hymn-country, this land of Beulah, from which the towers and palaces of the New Jerusalem can be seen. The years spent in this new study," he adds, "make me feel

> "'I'll trim my lamp the while,
> And chant a midnight lay,
> Till perfect light and gladness come
> In glory's endless day.'"

This devout student of the songs of the church on earth has now passed within the veil, and sings with sweeter tongue the song of Moses and the Lamb.

It would be a means of grace if we were to spend more time with that admirable collection, our own Methodist hymn book, or musing over "Hymns Ancient and Modern," or with Dr. Robinson's "Laudes Domini," using as a companion and interpreter this admirable volume. The book is admirably indexed, but we notice one curious slip. Both John and Charles Wesley are described as belonging to the "M. E." (Methodist Episcopal) Church. The most voluminous of hymn writers is, of course, Charles Wesley, who wrote about six thousand. Next to him we think was Mrs. Fanny

Crosby Van Alstyne who has written about three thousand, many of them very widely known. Her immortal "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," was written in twenty minutes. This hymn was a great favourite with General Grant. Pathetic interest is given to her hymns from the fact that from her sixth year she was blind. Dr. Duffield says, "I think her talent will stand beside that of either Watts or Wesley."

The contributions of Methodism to hymnody, we think, surpass those of any other church, including the 9,000 of Charles Wesley and Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne. The story of Isaac Watts is of exceeding interest. We leave the examination of this book with regret. We could find theme for indefinite comment and commendation in its pages.

The Need of Minstrelsy: and Other Sermons. Memorial volume of the late Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D., LL.D., with introduction by Rev. D. G. Sutherland, D.D., LL.B. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Price $1.00.

This handsome volume will be welcomed, we doubt not, by many hundreds of friends of the late Dr. Stafford, as a better memorial of his life than a monument of marble or of bronze. The book has been admirably edited by the Rev. Dr. D. G. Sutherland, who has written a beautiful and discriminative memorial sketch.

These sermons are characteristic of the man. They reveal his fresh and unhackneyed treatment of even the tritest themes, and the wonderfully suggestive and inspiring nature of his ministry. We know a man who travelled two hundred miles, week after week, in order to keep up the continuity of Dr. Stafford's sermons. Among those here given are important ones on "Questioning God's Goodness," "God's Agency in Evil," "A Man is Made by What He Thinks About," "Religious Capacity Lost by Neglect," "The Choice of Moses, or the Best of Sin *versus* the Worst of Religion," "Greater Things Promised to Faith," "Self-Denial," "Winning Souls," "The Memory of the Just," and his remarkable address before the General Conference of the M. E. Church of the United States, an address in which his genius, we think, touched high-water mark.

An excellent portrait of the characteristic features of Dr. Stafford accompanies the volume. No better souvenir of the memory of a good man can be possessed than this.

The Ainu of Japan. The Religion, Superstitions, and General History of the Hairy Aborigines of Japan. By the Rev. John Bachelor, C.M.S., missionary to the Ainu. With eighty illustrations. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.10.

The interesting volume by Miss Bird, now Mrs. Bishop, on "Untravelled Paths in Japan," called the attention of the reading public to the strange aboriginal population of that country. The present volume gives a much fuller account of this remarkable people. The writer, who has been for a number of years a missionary among them, gives a series of chapters on this aboriginal race, their manners, customs and costumes, hut building, house warming, religious symbols, etiquette, civilization, art, justice and marriage, hunting and fishing, government, treatment of the sick, death and burial, ghosts and future life, religious legends and missionary work.

The Ainu are marked in their native state by full beard, moppy head of hair, dirty appearance, poor clothing, and repulsive odour, but under the influence of Christianity they exhibit many interesting and amiable traits of character, and are not devoid of even a certain personal comeliness. The writer of this book has been for ten years preaching the gospel, visiting and itinerating among them. He has collected a vocabulary of 6,000 words, compiled an Ainu grammar, and done some translating of the Scripture. The people had no language, no written characters, were stupid, kind-hearted, brave, honest, peaceable, and gentle, but

are addicted to drunkenness. In some villages ninety per cent. of the men are drunkards. Among these people the devoted missionary and his wife laboured faithfully, preaching in native huts to crowded audiences, and illustrating his sermons with the magic lantern. The first convert, a son of the village chief, was baptized on Christmas Day, 1885. The language has been reduced to writing, and a few hymns and the four gospels been translated into it. The race is dying out, but a precious remnant, says the author, won to Christ, will abide forever. Many of the illustrations are from photographs of this interesting people and their houses, clothing, etc. The book is an interesting contribution to missionary literature.

Stirring the Eagle's Nest, and other practical discourses. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D., late pastor of the Lafayette Church, Brooklyn. Pp. 317. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

Dr. Cuyler's pastorate, recently terminated by his resignation, was one of ideal faithfulness and success. But having ceased to preach with tongue, he reaches a wider range by his busy pen. We believe that his pointed, and pithy, and practical articles in the religious press for many years have done a wider and not less permanent service than his pulpit ministrations. This collection of eighteen sermons is thoroughly representative of the author's characteristic style and subjects. They are marked by his intense moral earnestness and sympathetic touch. Among the subjects treated are such practical themes as these: "The New Birth," "Burden-bearing," "The Rich Christian," "Jesus Only," "The Grace of Silence," "Character Tested," and his valedictory discourse preached on leaving his beloved charge, "The Joys of the Christian Ministry." An admirable portrait reveals a face of singular refinement and beauty. Other books by the same author and publisher are: "The Empty Crib," "Stray Arrows," "God's Light on Dark Clouds," "Pointed Papers on the Christian Life." These are a perfect magazine of earnest and practical Christian discourses.

The Words of a Year, Sermons and Addresses. By REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D. London: C. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 284. Price $1.25.

It was a happy idea to gather up the notable sermons preached by Rev. Dr. Stephenson during the year of his presidency of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, and to issue them for permanent preservation in book form. Dr. Stephenson was much in request for important interests, and he always rose to the occasion. One of these sermons was preached before the Conference at Nottingham, one was preached at the opening of City Road Chapel, another before the Wesleyan Missionary Society in the same place, another was the ordination sermon at the Bradford Conference, another was preached before the Œcumenical Conference at Washington. To these is added the admirable address given at the reception of the Œcumenical delegates in New York, a noble, frank, fraternal address, which cannot help but knit the kindred peoples on both sides of the sea closer together. Instead of the taunts and sneers and exasperations of the "worshippers of the great god Jingo," which do so much to alienate these brothers in blood, in language, in faith, how much nobler is a passage like the following: "I thank God that in our land there was a woman—the best woman that ever sat upon a throne—who, when her ministers brought to her the dispatch which might have fired the first cannon, with her own hand scored out every word which a self respecting nation could not receive. Never were England and America greater than when that noble woman on the throne, and the equally noble man from the log cabin, said to the dogs of war, already showing their white teeth and growling: 'Lie down, and disturb not the peace of two kindred people!'"

Christ Enthroned in the Industrial World; a Discussion of Christianity in Property and Labour. By CHARLES ROADS. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.20.

This is a remarkably able discussion of some of the most important questions of the times. The great problems of the age are not scientific or political, but social problems. It is to the solution of these that Mr. Roads makes the admirable contribution of this volume. The application of the golden rule, of the true spirit of Christian altruism, will be the master key that shall unlock the difficulties of the relations of capital and labour. The very titles of the chapters are strikingly suggestive: "Christianity in the Workshop," "The Supreme Employer of Day Labour," "The Christian Studying His Bank-book," "The Pay Roll in the Light," "The Christian of Wealth in His Closet," "Apprenticeship to the Nazarene Carpenter," "When Christ is Enthroned and Reigning." A lot of the stuff that is written on this capital and labour question is the purest rant or cant. This volume avoids both extremes. We heartily commend it to all interested in these serious studies.

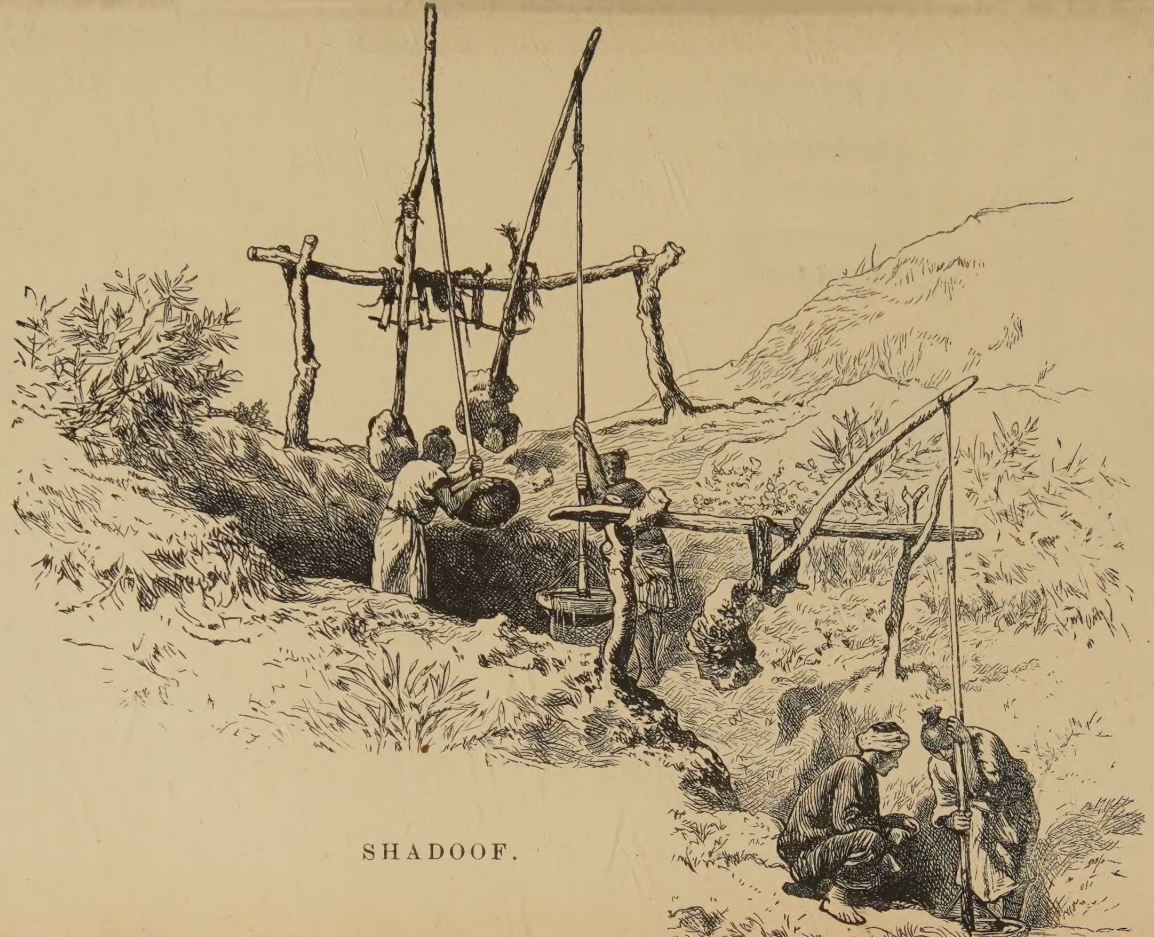
The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus. By CHAS. L. ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D. New York: *Century* Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

There are few subjects of more fascinating interest than the recent discoveries in Egypt and their corroboration of holy writ. A truth stranger than fiction is the story of the finding of the mummies of the Pharaohs in a tomb in the desert in Upper Egypt. It seems incredible that we should look into the face of the proud Rameses, the oppressor of the Israelites, and upon the thin, cruel lips which said, "Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river," yet such is the unquestionable fact. Dr. Robinson, the accomplished pastor of the Madison Avenue Church, New York, in a series of Sunday evening lectures, has given a popular account of the remarkable discoveries of 1881 and succeeding years, and has shown the flood of light they throw upon many passages of Scripture, and their striking refutation of the shallow cavils of sceptics on the "Mistakes of Moses." We know no better book for giving an intelligent *resumé* of these recent discoveries than Dr. Robinson's.

LITERARY NOTES.

Some French *savants* lately found ancient codices in a grave in Upper Egypt. Professor Harnach discovered that these codices were documents which enjoyed the reputation of full or partial authenticity when the canon of the New Testament was being formed. They are three in number: 1. "The Revelation of St. Peter," ascribed to the Apostle Peter, and quoted as a sacred writing by Clement of Alexandria in the second century after Christ. 2. "The Gospel of St. Peter," likewise ascribed to the Apostle, and containing a narrative of the life of Christ similar to the other Gospels; it also was in use in the second century. 3. Fragments of the "Book of St. Enoch," a prophetic book, wrongly ascribed to the Old Testament Patriarch. The texts are in Coptic. We reprint on another page the Gospel of St. Peter. The Revelation resembles the "Revelation of St. John."

The Christian Literature Company, which has issued the fine edition of "The Early Christian Fathers," announces an American Church history series in ten volumes, of which Dr. J. M. Buckley is to write the volume on Methodism. The work, it is needless to say, will be well done. Among the editors are Dr. Schaff, Bishop Hurst, Bishop Potter, and others, making an able staff.



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